

Sobieski

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ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

"The lonely hermit's hut is here,
" His bed the leaves of trees;
" Unseen he sheds the burning tear,
" And murmurs to the breeze."

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND,
OR THE ADVENTURES OF A HERMIT.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

SOME time after the first settlers had arrived in Carolina, and commenced a permanent settlement, a singular personage landed at Charleston, and made minute inquiries concerning the neighbouring islands. This led to some conjectures among the inhabitants, why he should be so anxious to know what they had not yet troubled their heads about. But as any addition to their number would be of great importance, (as the savages were inclined to be hostile,) they made overtures for accommodating him, as well as in their power, provided he would join them. But, with a determination not to be shaken, he continued firm in his intention of inhabiting an island, desolate in appearance, and deserted by even savage men. Therefore, accompanied by a friendly settler, who lent the small skiff which conveyed the few worldly articles in his possession, he bade adieu to his transitory acquaintances, and soon landed on what is now called Sullivan's Island. The same friendly hand which provided him with conveyance thither, served to assist him in constructing a rude hut, partly from some rough boards brought with them, and partly from some palmetto trees, with which the island abounded. They thatched the roof with the leaves of the palmetto, and dug a small well for water, which, luckily, was very good. The settler being obliged to return, now bade an affectionate farewell to this singular being, who seemed not destitute of those fine feelings which would have made him an ornament and a blessing to society. Being now left to himself, having provisions enough for some time to come, furnished by the liberality of those among whom he had refused to settle, he turned his attention to fitting up his hut as well as the nature of the place, and his circumstances, would permit. For this purpose, with a small hatchet, he succeeded in cutting down several of the palmetto trees, (the only production of the island,) and sinking them down as deep as he well could, into the sand, he made a prop and sure foundation, which might resist the raging of the most violent storms. With the dried leaves of the above-mentioned tree, he contrived to make a few comfortable seats, using the wood of the tree for the frame, and the straw for the bottoms; his gun hung over the mantel-piece of this rude cot, and his bible, (with which he was well acquainted,) together with a few books, occupied a small shelf. Having little to do, he turned his attention to plaiting hats out of the palmetto, and having made one for himself, and another as a present to his kind friend, he continued his business until he had collected as many as the thread which he had would sew; and his provisions being almost out, he thought seriously on a visit to the settlement. But as fish were plenty, and he had lines, he was under no apprehension of starving, and therefore thought

it best to await the arrival of some one from the colony who would barter with him for the hats and other articles in his possession, which he had made.

Early one morning, having wandered over the long sandy beach which winds round the island, he was returning to his lonely habitation, when, casting his eyes towards the spot where the colony was situated, he discovered a little boat, making its way through the waves, and gliding, at length, into a smooth and deep cove, about a mile from his hut. With joy he hastened thither, and soon recognised, in the navigator, the settler to whose attention he owed so much of the comforts which he enjoyed. Having drawn the boat some distance up the beach, for fear of the returning tide, he conducted him to his little cot, where the settler was surprised to find every thing arranged in the neatest manner, and several necessaries, manufactured by the industrious hermit from the few materials which the island furnished. Chairs, stools, and a table, with a small bed, gave an air of comfort to the inside, and the tight manner in which the outside was thatched and boarded, showed that his habitation was protected from the weather. Having made several inquiries of the hermit concerning his manner of living, &c., the settler exchanged a few articles, such as needles, thread, and provisions, for the palmetto hats, of which the hermit had several, and receiving a large one, as a present for himself, he jumped into his frail bark, and departed.

Not many days elapsed, before several of the inhabitants came to the island, brought thither by curiosity, and a desire to converse with him, and discover, if possible, the reasons which had induced him to abandon the pleasures of a civilized life, and seek a residence on a barren and sandy island. But as he maintained a determined silence on that head, politeness, and a respect for his feelings, restrained them from further attempting to gratify what might seem an idle curiosity. On their return to Charleston, they could give no information respecting his name or motives, but what was known before; and when speaking of the hermit, the inhabitants began to call him Governor Tufts, which name he ever afterwards went by.

Thus the hermit passed his life; his days flowed on, uninterrupted, and engaged in providing for his subsistence, time never hung heavy on his hands. In character he was mild, amiable, and, when company visited him, interesting in his conversation, which marked the gentleman, and the former man of the world.

Various were the underhanded methods resorted to to obtain from him the reasons of his settlement on the island; but some common-place answer always stopped them, and silenced them at least for the present.

One evening his old friend, the settler, walking arm in arm with him over the beach, which was hard, and an excellent place for walking when it was low tide, commenced the following conversation:

"What a lovely evening! the moon-beams dance on the waters as lively as if they were conscious of what they were doing."

"Yes; 'tis, indeed, a sweet night," said the her-

mit; "would it could reach to England's happy shore, and enliven, though for a moment, some who dwell therein."

"Do you then feel an interest in the happiness of those whom thousands of miles separate us from?"

"Yes. I have friends, near and dear to me, whose bosoms are afflicted with anguish on my account, and who, could they but discover any traces of my retreat, would abandon every thing, and endeavour to make me spend the remainder of my life with them."

"I have often wished to know the cause of your miseries, not from an idle wish to pry into your secrets, but to alleviate them, if in my power."

"And I have as often wished to tell you, but something has always intervened which has hitherto prevented me. You acted the part of a kind friend to me, when in this western world I first landed, and I will entrust to your keeping that secret which I had hoped to carry to my grave, for your speech and behaviour strongly remind me of one who, I trust, is in heaven."

"With pleasure I will attend, and as it is early, let us lengthen our walk."

The hermit complied, and then commenced the following narrative:

"My history will not occupy much time—it is simply this. I was born in England; my father was a merchant, to whom 'every wind that blew' brought some increase of property; and as he destined me to succeed him in his business, I first received an excellent education, and on my completing my eighteenth year, was regularly entered into the counting-house as an apprentice, and faithfully served three years. I was then made head clerk, which place I continued in until the day I entered my twenty-fifth year, when, early in the morning of my birth-day, my father presented me with the necessary papers, the signature of which would make me his partner.—During my apprenticeship I had accidentally one night been present at a ball. I say accidentally, for if my father had known it he would have severely reprimanded me, and as I loved him, I endeavoured to gratify him in what he requested, as regarded dancing, especially as the denial of it was not a source of much disappointment to me. Having met some friends that had just landed, who had finished their travels in Italy, France, and in a great part of Europe, I adjourned to the next tavern with them, to drink a bottle of wine, and talk over the circumstances which had happened to us in the interval of some years. We conversed for some time, and one of the young men informed us that he had not been in England one day before he received an invitation to a ball, and that he had tickets for three or four of whatever friends he chose to invite. As that was about our number, he proposed we should all go. I made some objections, but they were overruled, and I reluctantly consented to make one of the party. During the evening I was introduced to a young lady, by far the handsomest in the room, and indeed, as I thought, the loveliest being I had ever laid my eyes on. I danced with her, saw her home, and called the next day to inquire after her health. Thus

our acquaintance commenced, and soon ripened into what we each thought only friendship, but which we soon found was pure and holy love. I kept my acquaintance with her a profound secret from my father, or any of the family, not that I feared his disapprobation of my conduct so much as the fear of my first adventure of the kind being known. I might be joked about her, and as she was my only love, I disliked the thought of it. But it was impossible for it to continue longer hid, for the frequency of my absence from the counting-house excited suspicion that all was not right. However, as I managed to keep secrets, and as my apprenticeship was near its end when I first saw her, by dint of hard self-denial, I contrived to manage my visits that they should be less, and given in the day time.

"Time ran on, and all passed pretty smoothly, and as I imagined, all suspicion lulled asleep, when one day my father called me to his study (for he devoted some hours to reading every day) and told me that he had been informed from a certain source of the frequency of my visits to Montgomery-mansion-house, and charging me never to go thither again. I was young, and could not resist the temptation, and thinking all would be over in a few days, the morning in which my father made me his partner, I made him father-in-law to my wife. Nothing could exceed his rage when I informed him of the event, and he immediately cut me off with a shilling, turned me out of the house, and refused to lend any assistance to us in our helpless condition.

"I lived for some time happily, notwithstanding what had befallen me, for I was happy in her company, until one evening returning home, I found the house deserted by her and an only infant son. I waited for some time, until my patience was exhausted by night coming on, and no signs of them. I took my hat, went to our few acquaintances, but could not discover their retreat. I wandered all night up and down the streets of London in vain, and having dozed a few hours, resumed the search in the morning; but in vain. I was rendered almost frantic by this stroke of Providence, and embarked with the colonists for America; resolved to bury my misfortunes in some lonely spot in this western world. But I have lengthened my narration much more than I intended—it is too late to return to the colony now, so pass the night with me, and I will resume my story in the morning."

In the morning the hermit thus concluded:

"I came to this foreign land, heart-broken and without an earthly friend to assist or relieve me. It is true, the pangs of remorse may have seized him to whom I have always felt myself allied in the bonds of consanguinity, and of natural affection, which even his treatment has not been able to make me break—but my proud spirit could not stoop to ask for assistance again, even though I knew it would be granted. You found me in this situation, and have conducted towards me more like a son than a stranger, and was your name Edward Willian, I should say you were my long-lost son."

The settler could no longer restrain himself, but rushing to the hermit, clasped him to his bosom, and sobbed out, "that he had at length found out him whom he had long considered as numbered with the dead." He then informed the astonished hermit, that his grandfather was then residing in the colony, and had often informed him of what the hermit has just related, and as often expressed his deep sorrow for his conduct, which was prompted, not by any particular dislike towards the object of his son's affection, but by the keenest disap-

pointment, in finding him married, when he was about informing him of a match he had just formed for him, with the daughter of a very wealthy citizen, that he had never breathed it to him, for fear of something intervening, which might render his plan abortive, and that he had at length been made to know how wrong he had acted, by the unseen hand of Providence, which, in a miraculous manner, or rather in what seemed so to him, had brought in his very path-way, both the mother and her infant. For being, by accident, in a different part of the city, he was alarmed by the cries of a woman in distress, and hastening thither with some other persons, was the means, with them, of rescuing her from the grasp of some villains, who were using her in a very unbecoming manner. By the light of a lamp near by he discovered who it was, and as he had long since been wavering in his intention of forsaking his son and his helpless family for ever, he determined to break the ice, as it were, and become reconciled, once more, to his son, to afford him a shelter, and restore him to his ancient privileges.

The daughter of the wealthy citizen, with whom he had intended to have married him, had been dead some time; and the feelings of nature at length overcoming those of avarice, he determined to forgive his son, and to treat him in future so as to endeavour to make him forget what he had done. Chance gave him an opportunity, and he resolved not to let it pass by unemployed; so calling for a coach, he ordered the coachman to drive to a house which he owned in that part of the town, and, on arriving at the door, had her carried up stairs, and lodged in the best chamber the house afforded, (for she had fainted,) and every necessary attention was paid her. He intended in the morning to send a servant to his son, and let him know the condition of his wife. But as his son had often changed his residence in such a city as London, it was impossible to find out his mean abode, and as he had only told what had occurred, to his confidential servant, none of the other servants knew what had happened; and whenever he called, the servant who was intrusted with the knowledge of the affair was out, endeavouring to find where he was; and as the servants knew their master had ordered them to take no notice of his son's visits, or even carry a message from him—they kept their silence. The lady remained (having received a blow on the head in the scuffle which ensued when she was rescued) in a state of almost insensibility for several days, during which nothing was heard of her husband, although the old gentleman used every exertion to find him out; he even offered a reward; and growing extremely anxious to discover his son, he at length heard, that three days ago he was seen on the wharf for some time, and afterwards disappeared. Whether he was drowned or not, he could not learn. Nothing could exceed the agony of the old man's mind, who cursed himself as the author of all his son's miseries, and, as he thought, of his untimely end. He hastened home, and ordered a strict silence to be kept concerning his son, for fear of its injuring his daughter, whom he now considered as too dear to be lost.

She soon recovered, and was informed of what had occurred—it nearly caused her death. But the hope of his being alive, and the love which she had for her infant son, made her feel as if she had something to live for yet.

The old man was bent on removing to America, and the hope of meeting his son animated him to prosecute with alacrity his purpose.

Some time elapsed ere he was enabled to accomplish his wish; but at length he bid adieu to the shores of old England, and, in company with

many others, commenced the settlement of Charleston. Here he remained, and as he had money enough, devoted himself principally to the care of his grandson and daughter-in-law, and here he had the heart-felt joy of once more seeing his lost son. A reconciliation took place—all was forgotten, and all was forgiven. The family removed to Sullivan's-Island, and there commenced building. The hermit, (as he was always called) or Captain Tufts, would not have his hut replaced by a better habitation, but rendered it more convenient, and enlarged it for the residence of them all. Their lives were passed in security and ease; and although they had few of the luxuries, yet they enjoyed the solid comforts of life. Nothing transpired to interrupt the tranquillity of their lives; they all saw a good old age; and the renowned Fort Moultrie now marks the spot where their graves stand. SOBIESKI.

THE MISERIES OF BEING A GOOD SINGER.

One of the pithy remarks in Lacon, though I cannot remember the precise words, amounts to this; that any man who is an excellent amateur singer, and reaches the age of thirty, without in some way or other feeling the ruinous effects of it, is an extraordinary man. 'True it is, and pity 'tis, 'tis true,' that a quality so pleasing, and one that might be so innocent and so amiable, is often, through the weakness of 'poor human nature,' converted into a bane—a very pest, and occasions it to be remarked, when this miserable result occurs, that a man had better croak like a frog, than be a good singer. That the ruin too frequently occasioned by a man's being a good vocalist, arises from want of resolution, and from his inability to say no, when invited to a feast; or when there, to use the same denying monosyllable when pressed to take another glass, and then—what then?—why, another; cannot be denied; and that such is the manifest and frequent consequence; he who runs may read! A few mornings ago, I was accidentally reading the Morning Herald, in the committee-room belonging to the metropolitan parish of St. —, when my attention was roused by a sort of debate at the table, between the presiding overseer, the master of the workhouse, and a pauper, who wanted permission to go out for a holyday. On raising my head, I discovered in the pauper, a young man, rather above thirty, to describe whose carbuncled face would be impossible, and whose emaciated appearance bespoke premature decay, and the grossest intemperance; whilst the faculties of his mind were evidently shown by his conversation to be as impaired as his body.—To my surprise, I discovered in this shadow of a man, one who had been but a very few years prior to this, in a good business, from which his father had retired with a comfortable fortune, and who is still living reputably in one of the villages adjoining the metropolis. At the time I speak of, I frequently met this young man at the Freemasons', the Crown and Anchor, and other taverns where public dinners are held, and where he was always hailed with rapture, as a second *Braham*; and he really sung very delightfully; but he could not stand the flattery attendant on it, and the hard drinking which he thought necessary, poor fellow, but which is well known to be the singer's greatest enemy. He frequently attended two or three dinners in one day; and in short, he altogether verified the old proverb of 'a short life and a merry one,' and descending in the scale of society step by step, he exchanged his elegant tavern dining for evening clubs and free-and-easys, till, ejected from the public house parlour, he sunk into the frequenter of common tap-rooms, and the associator of the vilest of the vile; he cared not who—and provided he could get liquor to drink, he cared not what. His business had been entirely lost long before this utter degradation; though his friends had from time to time, with great sacrifices, upheld him; and he was at the period spoken of, a pensioner on their bounty, and on the occasional treats still procured by his failing voice; till at length finding he was attacked by a grim disease, and having become so lost to all decency of feeling, as to make it impossible for his friends to take him into their houses, the parish workhouse was his only resource, where he is now paid for by those friends, an older man in constitution than his father, though still, by age, he ought to be numbered with our youths. After he had left the room, the overseer told me that, though he could not find it in his heart to refuse this lost being his request, yet that he knew that he would only go begging around among his old friends and acquaintance, the consequence of

which would, in all probability, be several days of intoxication before his return, when he would again come into the workhouse, in the same sickly state from which, by good care and attention, he had been greatly relieved. Let this communication, every syllable of which is true, sink deeply into the hearts of all my young male readers, who are just entering into life, and who may happen to have tolerable voices. Singing is a beautiful, but as I have shown, a dangerous talent; far be it from me to assert that there are not many good singers, both public and private, who are prudent men; I have only sketched, feebly indeed, and slightly, what *has been* the result of musical talent of this sort, and which, therefore, *may* be the result again, and I have good reason to know, that a fate similar to the one I have related, has befallen many a man besides him of whom I have been writing; whose youthful pride has been to be called a good singer.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.: THE REJECTED LOVER.

AMPERSAND

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

"True modesty is a discerning grace."

THE REJECTED LOVER.

"An open rupture is very bitter to a poet's brain."

HAS this assertion any foundation in truth? It has, as the following incident will illustrate:—

- "Midnight past the moon's away,
- "In you east see the coming day,
- "Stars and planets glittering bright,
- "Salute the passing shades of night."

"The tongue of time had tolled one o'clock." The moon, that had travelled with solemn grandeur, in calm serenity amid the constellations of the night, had sunk beneath the western horizon. Innumerable stars cast their rays of light with silver brilliancy upon the face of darkness, and illumined the cheerless, receding night. Nature's attire upon the surrounding fruit and forest trees was but just troubled and in motion by the chill autumnal air, its invigorating breath coming from the northwest. All was silence and solitude—naught was heard save the light-murmuring night breeze, the catadid's harsh monotonous incessant tick-a-tack; or at intervals the loud bark of the watchful sleepless Churner—ever and anon a cock from the different farm-yards in the surrounding country proclaimed the coming day. When the distant gleam of twilight, with its golden tint, caught the eastern directed eye of young Wildway, as with quick and hurried steps he was nearing Stoneton mansion. At the unlooked-for signal of approaching day, he started with amazement. His steel-concealing cane, with its metal-protected extremity, oftener than before touches the dusty, but dew-moistened pathway. The fragrant fumes from his almost consumed segar no longer encircle his head, but are carried back by the now rising wind, and mingle with the dust his hurried pace had put in motion. His eager eyes are frequently turned toward the slow brightening point in the heavens. The night, unheeded, had passed away. He had spent the greater part of it in the company of his dulcinea, to whom he was particular, and very particular, in his attention, and she for a long time had encouraged his particularities. She was looked upon by Wildway through the eyes of prejudice, and of course appeared a nosegay of perfection. As Croesus, in days of yore, was but another term expressive of wealth, so she was synonymous with and an illustration of worldly riches. But coiled and cued up in the whimsicalities of coquetry, she had occasioned an indescribable *tremor cordis* in that region of Wildway's system, most essential to vitality, and was now about to dispose of him for the purpose of ensnaring others.

Wildway having premised and prefaced the work by stolen looks, glances, sighs, groans, and shrugs, arrived at the more important part, such as hope and fancied happiness; and, at the conclusion, talked of hymen! And she very kindly finised and appended the concern by the emphatic words—no—never.

As the interesting volume closed somewhat abruptly, young Wildway merely remarked, D. I. O. in flaming capitals, in the form of a note, by way of elucidation, or inasmuch as nature abhors a vacuum, for the purpose of filling an evident, otherwise blank space. And as with an air of mortified pride and assumed dignity, his hat was placed *in situ quo*, he left the spot where the romantic scene was laid. But the unexpected and unpleasant developement of the truly affecting and heart-rending plot had such an astonishing effect, and made so deep an impression upon his as yet immature and inexperienced mind, that time only

can erase the more important incidents of the tale; the characters, especially, from his memory. The fate of the hero it was that tended to his hasty leave; and the hard heart of the heroine, so unfeelingly, and deceitfully displayed and exposed, actually deranged his intellectual faculties, producing a transient paroxysm of *unrequited erotomania*.

He gallied out from the habitation of all his heart held dear, and fortunately took the road leading to Stoneton mansion, and was now rapidly progressing toward the wished for place. A point in the pathway, shut over by dense trees and brushwood, was gained by the agitated Wildway. The faint beams of twilight's dawn had not yet penetrated through the few and narrow apertures the thick and clustering herbage offered to this dark, this gloomy part of the young man's only way to the mansion. A stranger to fear, he enters the lonely enclosure, unintimidated by its sepulchral aspect. His thoughts are abstracted. At times he, in imagination, contemplates the place from whence a short time before he had started, unmindful and regardless whither he went. His thoughts then gradually recur to the person from whom the fatal words—no—never, had escaped. Upon the recurrence of these words to his startled imagination, he's bewildered. Instantaneously the polished steel comes from his walking stick. Its glittering surface at that moment catching a faint ray of light from an opening through the interwoven leaves, reflected it upon the countenance of Wildway, and showed his eye, though agitated, still flashing fury and defiance to whatever might assail him in an earthly form. As his organs of ogling were preternaturally expanded, his dulcinea appeared to stand before, and with a frown seemed to say, no—never. No!—Never! uttered Wildway, with a stentorian voice. Dulcinea! dulcianie—devil! You have made some noise in the world; have attracted some attention. But you have enraged me; have made me mad!—from this night, save a few ceaseless remarks, you would be forgotten—the bond of union between you and this earth is about to be dissolved. With this sword I give thee a passport to eternity! Saying this, he made a theatrical thrust at the spot where he supposed was a heart before unmoved by all his advancements.

"Earth has no rage like love to hatred turned,
"Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

It was a young but stubborn heart that Wildway pierced—the heart of a young white-oak sapling. The shock occasioned by the exertion, brought, in a measure, "Richard to himself again." "A new work upon Knight Errantry, said Wildway, as he extricated his weapon from the tree—a second edition of Don Quixotte, revised and corrected; and now I may assail the morning air. But I know my cue, and will have my revenge. Woman! No—never again shall you entrap me. Slowly and pensively he walked toward and entered Stoneton mansion, just as the sun gained the mountain-top, and beamed his splendour upon him.

From the date of that night's adventure he seemed inspired. Coquetry has felt his pen. But ladies, I commiserate your situation. He swears to immolate the whole sex upon the altar of poesy.

AMPERSAND.

THE CARBONARO, A SICILIAN STORY.: THE STORY OF CAROLINA VASCONTI

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THE CARBONARO, A SICILIAN STORY.

[The following story has much of the rich and figurative language of the *Antonias*, and is probably from the same pen.]

In the year 1820, I made an excursion to Sicily. Beginning by Messina; like all travellers, my first object was Ætna. I was alone, for to an Englishman who has anything better in view than eternal talking about England, and eternal complaining and contempt of everything out of it, the society of his countrymen is not remarkable for amusement. On the roads round Ætna, a genuine man of Bond Street would be heart-broken and eloquent beyond all endurance. Beds, provisions, handmaids, inn-keepers, the whole inn-establishment would throw him into an ague, and his listener into an abhorrence of the faculty of speech. For those reasons I determined to travel alone, taking my chance for brown bread, banditti, *lingua Franca*, and the innumerable colonists that Sicilian beds have been heirs to since their first animation.

After leaving the shore, I plunged into the heart of those desiles that lie like ridges of some stormy sea suddenly fixed in its tossings round the base of the mighty mother of volcanoes. Classic associations are thick sown in this land, and the man who suddenly lifting his eye from the depths of one of these valleys of coloured marble,

and verdure of all the hues of the rainbow, to the mountain above, rising, like a pillar of the very heavens, through cloud and sunshine, itself crowned with its peculiar cloud, that, as the darkness comes on, turns, like the pillars of the Israelites, into fire, may remember that upon that shade by day and flame by night, half the heroes of the bard and the historian have looked in their time;—that Homer may have wondered at it from his galley, and dreamed of gods ascending and descending; that Hannibal may on his rounds have counted the night-watches by it, with thousands of Moorish faces beside him, gazing on the splendours of this inexhaustible conflagration;—that it flashed upon the volume in Cicero's hand, and might have given Caesar an emblem of his own dazzling and consuming ambition.—that Virgil had climbed it;—and that Napoleon, to whom it would have been a fitting throne, had seen it colouring the night from his prison.

Ætna does not always flame, but it is never without its own crown of vapour. A broad, deep, rolling wreath, that in the strong sunshine of noon almost rivals the colour of gold, and in the Italian evening looks a rosy throne for all the spirits of mythology. Olympus, noble as its frowning and rugged peaks are, is earthly, compared to this true seat of the court of Jove.

But this cloud sometimes looks angry and keeps its promise. On one of the evenings that I had destined to exploring a branch of the *Val di Nota*, I had scarcely climbed half up the first precipice that rises over the *Casa di Madonna del Pianto*, well known to all travellers, when I saw my guide plunging down as fast as he could among the shrubs, and pointing to the Casa. On my overtaking him, he explained the cause of his speed, by pointing to the mountain, whose summit had grown unusually dark, in the midst of one of the most brilliant Mediterranean heats. As nothing could stop his movements towards the house, and as explanation between his mountain jargon and my imperfect Italian was hopeless, I let him take his way, and followed to the convent. There his first act was to throw himself on his knees before the image of the Virgin that sits in primæval blackness in the portico, and his next was to solicit some brandy from the attendant at the gate. Night had come on before he felt his devotions or his alarm sufficiently indulged; and I had no other resource than the common and easy one of trusting to the Conventuals for the night's hospitality.

The friars, who are often lively fellows, and glad to see a traveller for the double purpose of hearing the news and disposing of their wine at a fair price, were, as usual, hospitable, and congratulated me on having reached their roof in good time. My guide had been in the right, for in a few minutes the wind began to blow with tremendous violence, and short heavy gushes of rain dashed against the latrines. Others soon came rushing in, and the supper table exhibited a curious variety of physiognomies, from the placid surfaces of the German, up to the eager torment of the Frenchman's face, and the strenuous sensitiveness of the man of Italy. The storm deepened, and before we had closed our by no means silent entertainment, its roars and gusts had extinguished all lighter topics, and the few that spoke, spoke only of the congenial themes, avalanches, eruptions, and 'peuls by land and sea.'

To the natives, the present visitation gave only feelings of alarm, but to me this 'hurlyburly of the elements,' was an adventure. A storm on Ætna was irresistible; it was the very thing that I crossed the British channel, and left the quiet pastures and smooth fatness of my indigenous land, to see. I therefore determined to sit out the tempest, and ordering a couple of bottles of their best wine, astonished the brotherhood and their guests by my 'temptation of Providence,' in watching the whole phenomena from my couch.

One Italian was the only person whom my example wrought up into curiosity, and we took our seats at the open window, in full sight of the summit of the mountain, which had already changed its crown of vapour for a crown of lightning, of colours innumerable, azure, white, and of the most vivid and blood-red brilliancy, that whirled and sprang abroad, and again reverted, and flew round like a gigantic wheel of flame. My fellow-gazer had been a *militaire* in the service of Napoleon; and something that I accidentally said of the likeness of the great usurper's fortunes to the transient flashes now playing above us, led him to open the store of recollections of which every *vieux moustache* is full. He had followed Napoleon to Elba, had returned with him, had seen his star cast down in Belgium, and had finally found misfortune reaching himself in the shape of disbandment and present suspicion. He was now exiled from Naples, under the imputation of attachment to Murat, and was not perfectly determined whether his next direction should be east or west, China, or the Illinois.

'They suspected you of being a Carbonaro,' said I.

'Why, Mister Englishman, when a man has commanded a regiment of cavalry for six campaigns; has scoured over Europe in the train of a conqueror from Cadiz to Moscow, and lived like a prince all the time, he may dislike being reduced to walk on foot, live like a beggar, and brush his own coat. Carbonaro indeed! How can a man help thinking of the past, and comparing that vivid, bold, brilliant son of fortune (rogue as he undoubtedly was) with these tame, domestic, feather-headed—But let that pass. Carbonaro—Diavolo!—let them call me what they will'

The Italian's pale and hollow face had swelled with haughty expression; his eyes darted fire; his hands were clenched, and bounding from his seat, he rather charged than paced about the room. In another moment all this was changed, and with true Italian versatility he flung himself back on his seat, laughing at what he called his 'extravaganza.'

'But,' said he, 'it is well that it was not performed before any of the cowed gentlemen below stairs, for this very house was the scene of an extraordinary affair but a few years ago.'

I begged for the story, which I preferred, as an alleviation, to his politics; and he indulged me at length, which I have tried to condense into the following outline:—

THE STORY OF CAROLINA VISCONTI

Two years ago, the whole Sicilian world rang with the beauty of Carolina Visconti, the only daughter of the richest man in Catania. In this island, alliances are made by fathers and mothers, without much consideration of the choice of sons and daughters. But Carolina was of a softer temperament than to take any gouty old grande, or young and disagreeable profligate, on the opinion of others;

and the rejections which the whole tribe of Cataneans nobles and fortune-hunters received, will be felt by some of them as a stain upon their coats-of-arms, till they lie where they make love no longer.

At length the man of her heart came. A gallant lieutenant of mine; he had made a summer excursion with me to the Calabria, and tempted by the sight of the mountain, we came over to the island. At a ball given at Messina, we saw this beauty. She was certainly extremely handsome; a noble Greek countenance—a profusion of the richest chestnut hair, falling over her eyes made for setting hearts on fire—a magnificent figure—altogether a being of sparkling and splendid beauty. The general admiration was now accounted for, and I contributed my share of course. As belonging to the hussars of the Italian guard, the two strangers were received with due honour. I had the hand of the governor's lady, to my infinite mortification; and my subaltern danced with the Sicilian wonder. Vivaldi was handsome enough for a soldier, lively, and had gained decorations in his campaigns. But he had higher merits; and a nobler heart did not exist in mortal.

On this night his fate was decided. He had loved and been loved by a whole host of the fairest of the fair; but I had never seen his

gaiety lowered for a moment. On this night, however, he came home out of spirits. I saw that the arrow was shot to the head, and as advice is always troublesome and in such a case is absurd, I left matters to take their course. He went to no more balls, but had suddenly taken a prodigious fondness for sighing, walking in the woods, guitar-playing at unreasonable hours, and all the other received modes of desperate passion. In short, he became so bad a companion, that I left him to his lucubrations, and looked for pleasure alone. One evening at a masquerade, a note was put into my hands with the words—'Your friend is in danger—take him out of the island!' Sicilian vengeance is formidable. But Vivaldi laughed at hazard, and continued his romance. On the next night, as I was watching the moonrise over Ruggio, I heard a tumult, and found my unlucky friend brought home bleeding from a shot fired at him under his mistress' window.

The assassin was inquired into of course, but as to arrest every would-be assassin on this occasion would have been to seize half the noblesse, detection and punishment were alike impossible. At this crisis an order arrived to join the regiment without loss of time, as it was on march for the North. Vivaldi's wound rendered it impossible for him to be moved for some time, and I was obliged to leave him in the hands of his surgeon. The fair Carolina had been put into a convent on the first rumour of this love-business. But—'Heavens! look there!' A flash of fierce lightning burned round the chamber. Well might he cry out. The storm had lulled as rapidly as it rose; but it was followed by a display a thousand times more superb and awful. A small cloud of the most intense blackness had risen from the crater, and had been for some time quietly settling in a variety of shapes above the mountain. One might have seen some similitude in its fantastic and almost solid fabric figured all over with innumerable feeble streaks of blue light, to the huge throne of an Indian idol; its black was complete ebony. The thunder still growled above; and while our eyes were fixed on the throne, its righteous lord seemed to ascend and take possession. A column of the most dazzling white flame rose majestically from the brow of Ætna, with its base still on the mountain, and its forehead in the very heavens. The black vapours were the background to this apparition, and their wavering masses growing thinner as they rose, floated broadly on the air above. 'Satan himself in full wing,' exclaimed the Italian; and his idea showed the picturesque eye of his country. The light from this tremendous shape threw a new-born day over the whole country—every hill, every dwelling, almost every tree, was brightly visible. The pictures in the remotest nook of our little apartment were seen with minute distinctness—a little Madonna under a pavilion, which scarcely showed her in the noon-day, was quivering in a flood of illumination. From the noises in the convent we found that the whole house was alarmed; and the melancholy tolling of the bell to prayers mingled a painful and sepulchral character with this sublime terror.

But at length a sudden gust of wind tore its way among the clouds above, wrapped this splendid phantom in tenfold night; and after a brief struggle of the elements, a torrent of rain, that fell like a solid sheet of water, drove this incarnation of the Evil genius down to his cavern again. In a few minutes all was stillness but the sound of the service going on in the chapel below; and all was utter darkness, till the moon came floating and stooping through the clouds like a reconciling spirit, and, from the ridge of the hills above Euphemia, threw a long line of brightness over the Strait, and the eastern side of Ætna.

The Italian renewed his story. 'Of what follows,' said he, 'I was of course not an eye-witness; but I can assure you,' and he smiled, 'my authority is unimpeachable.'

There was a Marchese Spontini at that time in the island, a showy and expensive profligate of high life. His connexion with the Ventimiglia family gave him countenance among the Sicilians. But report had assigned him a history of a very dubious kind. It was known that he had been an agent of France in the Republican conquest of Italy, and even figured among the Jacobin Club of Paris. At Naples, he had appeared like a potentate, and kept up an establishment that was probably among the chief spoils of the State Treasury. But he had been at length charged with peculation, and the French, who were delicate enough not to suffer any plunderers but themselves, called him to an account. But the witnesses suddenly disappeared; and whether they were carried up the mountains, or sent to feed the tuanies in the bay, is still to be discovered. The Marchese shot out on this escape, like a snake that had cast its skin, more glittering than ever. But he was unluckily devoted to the fair sex; and as the consummation of his ill luck, he became the adorer of the prettiest *damselle* of the theatre, who had already an admirer in Monseigneur le General Commandant. The Frenchman felt insulted by the rivalry of any Italian in the creation; and a file of grenadiers, walking into the Marchese's bed-chamber one morning, delivered him to a couple of mounted *gen-d'armes* in the street, who never lost sight of him till he was placed on the other side of the Alps.

On the change of affairs he returned, lurked for a while in the precincts of the Court at Naples, then all at once started up from beggary and obscurity into the full honours of a court favourite. He was handsome, daring, superbly prodigal, and a scoundrel. To which of these qualities he owed his elevation I honour greatness too much to say. But we were then ruled by women; and il Don Giovanni would have been Prime Minister in any Italian Court for the last century.

But a younger or handsomer politician finally superseded the Marchese, and he was honourably dismissed to be governor of the Southern Military Division of this island.

His passion for so celebrated a beauty as Carolina Visconti was instantly lighted; and for the first time, he thought of shackling himself with the heavy bonds of matrimony. But La Carolina had the spirit that was pictured in her lofty countenance, and she refused the governor; a most extraordinary thing in Sicily. Nay, she did worse, and made no scruple of allowing it to go forth that she had a contempt for the man. The arrival of the hussar officers was a topic among the opulent and idle; and the Marchese had watched their impression. La Carolina's dancing with my unlucky friend sealed the new rival's death-warrant, and our movements had been watched till the hour of Vivaldi's wound.

'I think,' said the Italian, 'that if the moon were to get up a little beyond that peak, you might catch a glimpse of the palace, where the curious scene I am going to mention occurred.'

I looked; but the moon, the 'inconstant moon,' that 'touched with silver all the fruit-tree tops,' showed me nothing but an endless succession of forest, that, as the wind bowed it from time to time, rolled like billows rising in long ridges of foam. The Italian was not to be persuaded that my eyes were less dexterous than his own eagle ones; and he pointed to what he called the pinnacles of the palazzo rising from its groves on the verge of the sea. I was still baffled; but a fleet of fishing-boats that had put out on the first subsiding of the storm, amply repaid me for the search. At every sinking of the moon behind the clouds that still dragged their heavy masses over the heavens, this fairy fleet disappeared; and on the first emergence of the light above, the water, blue as violet, seemed covered with silver wings, some fixed, some fluttering in circles, some speeding along. I thought of the procession of Amphitrite and her nymphs, floating in their canopies and cars. We were in a land of brilliant fable, and here was one of its most brilliant fancies almost realized. There was music too; for the sounds of the

fishery, the cries of the seamen in working their vessels, and the general hum of active life, heard in the silence of the night, came on the wind, softened in no inharmonious concert. Here was the 'Mermaid on the Dolphin's back,' and a broad meteor that struck down between two thunderbolts, and lighted up the whole horizon with blue, gave us Shakespeare's delicious picture alive.

In this palazzo, (said my companion,) for some time before the grand outbreak in the north of Italy, political meetings were frequently held at night, for the propagation of what principles I shall not say; but the suspicions of the miserable government of the island were as much awake, as their fears of taking any public step against a body which comprehended three-fourths of the thinking men of the community. It will surprise you more to know that the palazzo was the actual residence of the Governor, and that his Excellency was one of the most active conspirators, if such we must call them. My friend the Lieutenant cared no more for politics, than he cared for the discovery of the longitude: an English sabre, or a Spanish jennet, would have won him from the hope of a crown; and in his present state of mind, he would have given them all for a sight of his captivating Carolina.

he Marchese had been among the first to pay him a visit of condolence on his misfortune; and as the sea air was thought essential to his recovery, Vivaldi at length accepted the invitation to be master of a suite of rooms under his Excellency's roof. There he found himself in the midst of the profuse luxury of an Italian noble. Every day was a *fête* on a greater or less scale; all was high life, high spirits, and high play. The Marchese was sometimes absent, and absent during the entire night; but the festivity, whatever it might lose in animation, lost nothing in pomp, and the absence of the superb entertainer was accounted for on the innumerable dispatches that were pouring in hourly from Naples, then notoriously on the verge of a convulsion.

Parties on the sea sometimes succeeded the suppers; and nothing can exceed the luxury of inhaling the cool breeze after the burning atmosphere of the saloon! One evening, at supper, a fragment of paper was laid under Vivaldi's cover with the words—'Swear not at all.' This piece of unexpected morality was taken for a pleasurable anodyne of some of the fair enslavers, who sat 'the richest flowerets of the feast,' and was forgotten. The barges were announced, and the whole party went on the water. By apparent accident there was no lady on board of Vivaldi's barge, and he found himself embarked with half a dozen strangers, who soon struck into politics. The dispute rapidly grew hot and high, and the Lieutenant was at length compelled to interpose. But to reconcile the debaters was found impossible, and one of them, an orator of peculiar violence, insisted on being rowed to shore.

By this time all sight and sound of the rest of the party had been lost, and, anxious to rejoin them, Vivaldi ordered the helm to be turned to the first landing-place. As the barge ran in, a light glimmered from the rocks, and a whistle was heard. To the Lieutenant's surprise, all the disputants now seemed to have made up their minds to go on shore together. The landing-place was precipitous, and a large cave opened in front, into which the sea burst with a roar. Vivaldi remonstrated with the helmsman on his choice of a port, and stood up to reinforce his remonstrance by taking the helm into his own charge. At that instant a cloak was thrown over his head from behind, his hands were pinioned, and he was flung on the bottom of the boat. He felt it suddenly rush on, and after a plunge among the breakers, reach smooth water. The chilliness of the air, and the dead silence, told him that they had left the open sea. After a short, and from the frequent changes of the helm, apparently an intricate navigation, he was set on his feet, and led through a passage so low that he was obliged to stoop. A strange and hollow voice now pronounced over him. Let our brother feel the mighty instruments of terror to tyrants, and of salvation to their people.' His hand was grasped, and laid upon a sabre and a pen. The voice then uttered, 'Let our brother hear the sorrows and the vengeance of enslaved Italy.' A pause ensued; and the air was suddenly filled with groans, execrations, and the clashing of swords. The voice then spoke for the third time. 'Let our brother behold the fruit of wisdom and valour.' A distant sound of thunder was heard. The cloak was torn from his head, and he saw before him a representation of a palace, on which a thunderbolt had burst. Flames rose over the roof, and it crumbled into ashes. When the smoke had cleared away, there was seen rising to the sound of music an altar, with the statue of liberty and covered with Republican inscriptions.

The assembly, seated in this subterranean amphitheatre, struck him as a still more remarkable sight. He might have believed him self in the midst of a general summoning of all the heroes and patriots of antiquity from their graves. He saw round him all the proud and marked physiognomies that have become familiar to us by busts and gems. Every figure wore some antique costume, and the fasces and the caduceus, the thunderbolt and the lyre, were hung at the sides of a kind of throne, on which sat a tall and majestic figure, with the countenance of the younger Brutus.

Vivaldi was as gallant a Hussar as ever drew sabre; and our corps were well enough accustomed to fire and smoke, not to have much to learn on these points. But he was not prepared for all this. His first idea on being seized, was, that he had fallen in some unaccountable way under the suspicion of the state, and was about to be drowned or strangled.

But his arms were fastened to his back, his mouth was covered close, and as struggle was useless, he resigned himself to what he thought inevitable. The sudden emergence from total darkness into dazzling light, the voices, the strange, half-spectral look of the assembly; and, in addition to all these, a heavy and opiate richness, that filled the air from the perfumes burning on the altar, bewildered his brain. While he stood in this waking dream, unknowing whether he was to be the proselyte or the victim, the figure on the throne addressed him in a harangue on the hopes of Italian regeneration. Its language was wild and firm, but wrapped in that mystery which excites a deeper impression than eloquence in an ardent and inexperienced spirit. When Vivaldi subsequently repeated some parts of it to me, I found nothing but the common-places of the subject, those sounding phrases that we find every day in the journals of Liberalism. But your greatest philosopher has said, that 'all things are received according to the measure of the recipient,' and the heater on this occasion was wound up to the height of the preternatural.

The orator now called on Vivaldi to take the oath to the 'Redemption of Italy.'

'Advance, true brother, gallant warrior, generous sage, to the altar of your country, and in the names of their mighty ancestors, who sit round you; by the manes of Brutus, and Poplicola, of Artogeto and Demosthenes, of that Socrates, who brought philosophy down from heaven, and of that Plato, who raised human wisdom to divine; by the fates of the glorious republics past, and the more glorious ones to come;—swear to be faithful to the great cause by day and by night, in wealth or in poverty, in health and sickness, in freedom and in the dungeon, in peace and in battle, in the palace and in the cottage, in life and death—Swear.' A broader light flashed round the throne. The perfumes on the altar threw up a richer smoke. The air was filled with music. The whole assembly rose from their circles with the slowness of rising apparitions, and the whole repeated in a low murmur. 'Swear.' Vivaldi, overpowered by the spell, tottered forwards to the altar, and laid his hand upon the sword. At that instant a faint struggle was heard in the distance.

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and the words, 'Swear not at all,' followed by a faint scream, sounded in his ear. He started back from the altar. There was sudden confusion in the cavern. The lights were extinguished at once, and in a few minutes the whole assembly had vanished, as if they had sunk through the eternal rock of the walls

[*To be continued*]

THE TEACHER.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

No. I.

To cast a retrospective glance over our days that have passed, and ponder on our actions, and the actions of others around us, is at once a pleasing, a useful employment. To hold converse, as it were, with hours departed, and ask them what we did when they were present, will, if our deeds had virtue for their guide, afford a never-failing source of rational amusement. I often recollect, with a thrill of joy, the time when no farther care seemed necessary than just to stand at the head of a class of school boys, and have traced the same increased anxiety to stand among the foremost in whatever rank or profession Providence has placed us.

It was early in life, even before the spring had fairly put forth its latest buds, that I found myself on the point of quitting my paternal fireside, of leaving my youthful companions, and seeking among strangers for a livelihood. I was, as yet, undetermined what course of life to pursue; conscious that on myself alone I must rely, and rise or fall by my own merit, my resolution was taken. The business of school-teaching offered; the burden of a master had never seemed onerous, and I concluded to make my *début* at a small village, where I could hear weekly from home, and pay occasional visits to that sweet spot where every thing that made labour light and life delightful seemed centered. I will not attempt to conceal that an emotion I had never before experienced filled my breast when I bade adieu to my parents, and heard the fond accents of a mother's voice, as she warned her son to beware of the quicksands and rocks which prove so fatal to many at their outset in life. To part from home—the youth who could leave it, without feeling as I felt, either never knew its blessings or wanted sensibility to appreciate the matchless boon. The carriage rolled on, and nought, save the recollection that duty called me, and the prospect of novelty before me, calmed my perturbation.

But enough of this: let me hasten to give some description of the place and its inhabitants, among whom I now found myself. The situation of the village reminded me of the valley so beautifully described by Johnson in his Rasselas: it was defended on all sides except the east, by an extensive tract of sandy ground, where the pine reared its lofty head amid silence unbroken, save by the breeze or the woodman's axe. The traveller halted as he approached this dreary waste, and refreshed his steed, provided himself with newspapers to amuse and occupy his attention; while, for many miles, his wheels buried themselves in sand. A road turning suddenly to the left brought him at once into an open country, so-level and fertile that it seemed an escape from a dreary prison. Oft would the stranger inquire if the road was as bad beyond the village as it was to approach it, and stand aghast at his answer. On the east the Atlantic spread its wave and murmured on its shore; or lashed by storm, upheaved its sand, and smote, with angry roar, the ground that curbed its headlong rage.

It was a pleasant afternoon, in spring, when emerging from the pines and sand, I saw the spot I have attempted to describe. A single glance convinced me that nature had done her part to make it pleasant; what kind of inhabitants were placed there I had yet to learn. I applied to a gentleman, to whom I had been recommended for board. He

promised to give me plenty of "eels and old fence;" and the next day I, like Ichabod Crane, was seated at my desk, surrounded by urchins ripe for mischief and ready for any thing beside study. The day passed, and I set out for a walk. "The schoolmaster" was a man of no small consequence in the place: every one was desirous of getting a peep at the "new master." The little folks who had tried my patience during the day, dropped their bats and balls, and scrabbled into the house to give information of my approach. The spinning-wheel stood still, and I pulled up my collar, and tried to walk with a very dignified step past one particular building, where I saw black eyes and curled hair popping out of the window as I passed. Various were the conjectures, as I afterwards learned, which all the busy bodies, old maids and gossips started, concerning me; but the finishing stroke was given by the lady of the house where I resided. After much deliberation she gave her opinion, that as I was "continually in my chamber, reading or writing, and always appeared sedate and thoughtful, seldom laughed, and inquired very particularly about the distance to church, the preacher, &c., she did not hesitate to say that she believed me a very pious young man, and one well calculated to be a minister." How do appearances deceive. The truth was, I read more than usual, for want of company, did not laugh for want of something to excite risibility, and inquired the distance to church that I might know how long a ride I should enjoy Sabbath mornings. By degrees, the novelty of the thing wore off, acquaintances were multiplied, and he who had been mistaken for a young divine, and of course eyed askance by all who were inclined to mirth or levity, was foremost in the ranks at parties, very assiduous in his attentions to see the young ladies, and if not a *Universalist* in religion, was at least very near one in love. There is now a kind of indescribable pleasure in the recollection of the many moonlight evenings that passed among the lads and lasses of that retired spot. A walk along the ocean shore; a chit-chat by the parlour window; a lively circle round a neighbour's room, and all the thousand little joys that followed each other in one uninterrupted rill of happiness.

There was one family to which I was more than usually attached. At its head stood a man of intelligence above the ordinary class around him; affable in his manners, and easy in conversation; his remarks were characterised by a thorough knowledge of mankind, and his every action seemed actuated by a different impulse from that which guided the movements of the wordlings, among whom he stood, to an impartial eye, like a bright star among lesser lights. And yet I found few who could speak of him with the same enthusiasm which I did, and often wondered at the coolness which marked the answer to every little encomium I accidentally bestowed upon him. Perhaps I was wrong in my estimate of this man's worth; yet when in his company the hours passed almost imperceptibly, and I felt as if in him I had found a congenial soul; one who thought as I thought, and one who would not sacrifice the independence of his opinion to win the favour, or court the approbation of any. This same independence of mind which I so warmly praised, and the same spirit which disdained compliance with the ways of others when principle must be sacrificed to please them, I found to be the very reasons why many would prefer listening to the slanderer's voice, which breathed detraction and calumny, and hated the man who, by praising him, was accusing them. The lesson I derived from this made an impression never to be effaced, and the conduct of those

who thus acted, served afterwards to imprint yet deeper on my mind, that the friendships of many will last only while it is for their own good; and that he who would escape the ill-will of such, must be too deeply marked with hypocrisy to stand in a very enviable situation. To a man of true sense and spirit, the enmity of such will never seem unpleasant, and to a thinking mind, their slander will be praise, while their approbation would be a disgrace.

THE TEACHER.

"Milo! forbear to call him blest,
"Who only boasts a large estate.
"Let a broad stream, with golden sands,
"Through all his meadows roll,
"He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
"Who wears a narrow soul."

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

No. II.

PARSIMONY, in the estimation of every one who wears the human form without degrading its image, ranks among the basest, the most detestable vices which govern man in his converse with the world. I call it a vice, because of the misery it produces. It is utterly impossible for any thing to cause lasting unhappiness which is founded in moral rectitude, and equally impossible for aught that is not built on the immutable basis of truth and justice, to prove the source of any real, solid pleasure. Happiness, or at least a reasonable portion of it, is placed within the reach of every one. Giddiness and insolence would stamp the human character, were man always prosperous. It becomes, therefore, necessary for his own good, that some portion of his days should find disappointment, in order that he may realise and enjoy the comforts of the rest.

But to return from this digression, which I have unconsciously run into at the very commencement of my tale : I will endeavour to resume the thread of my narration, and if I shall succeed in diverting for a moment the attention of the unhappy from his sorrows, or persuade the unthinking into reflection, I shall deem myself richly rewarded.

Parsimony, I found, had cast its baneful influence over the minds of many among whom I was now living, and extended itself to such a degree, that a labourer was scarce deemed worthy of his hire, and the accumulation of wealth had entire ascendancy over every other object. Economy I admire; covetousness I despise. Education I had been taught to consider above all price; and the miser who, possessing the means, yet neglecting the improvement of his offspring, is, in my view, sunk too low for notice. He may hoard his dust, and leave his posterity an abundance of wealth, which they know not how to use, and which never can command either respect or admiration, save from flatterers or hypocrites. Suffice it to say, that I quitted the spot where nature had lavished her bounties, merely because I conceived that, while she fashioned its inhabitants, she forgot to give them the hearts of men; and with very different views from what I had on entering the place, I left it, returned home, and another pedagogue reigned in my stead.

Persevere in whatever line of life you enter, was a maxim I can almost fancy instilled into my mind with the nourishment of infancy. At my very outset in life, ere I learned that the world had its snares, when every pleasure enchanted with its

smiles, and every object shone with its gloss of novelty, I was taught to brave all opposition in a just cause; to stand firm by whatever I undertook, and remain unmoved by the opinions of the ignorant, and undazzled by the splendour of fame, which could be gained without desert, and lost without a crime. The disappointment I had met with, so far from conquering, served only to increase my resolution. A desire of showing those who had misused me that I could live without them, burned within me, and proved a spur to greater exertions. I found no difficulty in obtaining a situation, where, by unwearied exertions, I pleased my employers, and satisfied myself. The occupation I had undertaken began to show itself of more importance than I had at first believed it was, and the burden of forming young minds to honour and usefulness increased with the knowledge of its greatness. I cast my eye round for a pattern by which to regulate my future course, and saw some who, like me, had devoted their younger days to the same business, by a little care of their leisure hours, acquired a profession, and moved among the higher grades of the world; who, by removing patiently every obstacle which opposed their way, now found themselves near the summit of greatness, where they seemed to stand, beckoning their successors on, and encouraging them in their pursuit. In order to accomplish my purpose, it was necessary for me again to change my place of residence. Another lesson was to be taught me, which I had heard of, but had not learned by experience. It was, not to trust to the friendship and promises of those who could find it for their interest to deceive me. I found men, who, by their actions and words, seemed attached to me, were actuated only by a desire of benefitting themselves, and, as soon as they had got the little from me that was promised, turned, and sought another dupe.—There are those who now move around us, seemingly kind, while their whole heart is alienated—those who would be thought above the trifles of a day, and yet, with the view of a slight benefit for themselves, stand ready to offer that patronage they never bestow, and to profess that friendship which they never feel. I have received the cold and formal-bow after an engagement, which was preceded by an affectionate shake of the hand; I have seen deception on deception, until the world seemed, at first view, wholly depraved; I have looked, from man to man, for one who was contented, and have not found him. Every one, I learned, must take heed for himself, and trust to himself alone; and, with little exertion, I dropped the tone of dependance, and stood alone, without relying for assistance on a reed, which only pierced the hand it should have supported.

When I turn back the leaves of the little journal in which I recorded the petty events of the day, interspersed with such reflections as they naturally inspired, and see how different was the termination of my spring hopes from the autumnal harvest, it is like viewing a blooming fruit tree, when it first puts forth its buds, when the prospect of fruit is great, and anticipation bears all obstacles away in the prospect: by degrees its blossoms fall, and only a scattering few remains to remind us of the fulness of expectation. Like the transient blush which tinged their leaves at first, and spread a beauty over every defect, is the vernal promise of man, which withers and dies; and not unlike its blasted fruit is he who depends solely on the faith of his neighbour.

If there is ought more sharp, more dire,
Than adder's hissing, forked tongue;
More blasting than the lightning's fire,
Which bursts when blacken'd clouds are torn,
'Tis for the man, who all believed.
To be by friendship, false, deceived.

EDWARD

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

The Albion, A Journal of News, Politics and Literature (1822-1876); Oct 21, 1826; 5, 19;
American Periodicals
pg. 145

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

Not a more beautiful vale ever inspired pastoral poet in Arcadia, nor did Sicilian shepherds of old every pipe to each other for prize of oaten reed, in a lovelier nook, than where yonder cottage stands, shaded, but scarcely sheltered, by a few birch trees. It is in truth not a cottage—but a shieling of turf, part of the knoll adhering to the side of the mountain. Not another dwelling—even small as itself—within a mile in any direction. Those goats, that seem to walk where there is no footing along the side of the cliff, go off themselves to be milked at evening, to a house beyond the hill, without any barking dog to set them home. There are many foot-paths, but all of sheep except one leading through the coppice-wood to the distant kirk.—The angler seldom disturbs those shadows, and the heron has them to himself, watching often with motionless neck all day long. Yet the shieling is inhabited, and has been so by the same person for a good many years. You might look at it for hours, and yet see no one so much as moving to the door. But a little smoke lingers over it—faint as mist—and nothing else tells that within is life.

It is inhabited by a widow, who once was the happiest of wives, and lived far down the glen, where it is richly cultivated, in a house astir with many children. It so happened, that in the course of nature, without any extraordinary bereavements, she outlived all the household, except one, on whom tell the saddest affliction that can befall a human being—the utter loss of reason. For some years after the death of her husband and all her other children, this son was her support; and there was no occasion to pity them in their poverty, where all were poor. Her natural cheerfulness never forsook her; and although fallen back in the world, and obliged in her age to live without many comforts she once had known, yet all the past gradually was softened into peace, and the widow and her son were if that shieling as happy as any family in the parish. He worked at all kinds of work without, and she sat spinning from morning till night within—a constant occupation, soothing to one before whose mind past times might otherwise have come too often, and that creates contentment by its undisturbed sameness and visible progression. If not always at meals, the widow saw her son for an hour or two every night, and throughout the whole Sabbath-day. They slept, too, under one roof; and she liked the stormy weather when the rains were on, for then he found some ingenuous employment within the shieling, or cheered her with some book lent by a friend, or with the lively or plaintive music of his native hills. Sometimes in her gratitude, she said that she was happier now than when she had so many other causes to be so; and when occasionally an acquaintance dropped in upon her solitude, her face welcomed every one with a smile that spoke of more than resignation; nor was she averse to partake the sociality of the other hats, and sat sedate among youthful merriment when summer or winter festival came round, and poverty rejoiced in the riches of content and innocence.

But her trials, great as they had been, were not yet over; for this, her only son, was laid prostrate by a fever; and when it left his body, he survived hopelessly stricken in mind. His eyes, so clear and intelligent, were now fixed in idiocy, or rolled about unobservant of all objects living or dead. To him all weather seemed the same—and if suffered, he would have lain down, like a creature void of understanding, in rain or in snow, not being able to find his way back for many paces from the hut. As all thought and feeling had left him, so had speech—all but a moaning as of pain or woe, which none but a mother could bear to hear without shuddering—but she heard it during night as well as day, and only sometimes lifted up her eyes as in prayer to God. An offer was made to send him to a place where the afflicted are taken care of, but she beseeched charity for the first time—such alms as would enable her, along with the earnings of her wheel, to keep her son in the shieling, and the means were given her from many quarters to do so decently, and with all the comforts that other eyes observed, but of which the poor object himself was insensible and unconscious. Thenceforth it may almost be said, she never more saw the sun, nor heard the torrents roar. She went not to the kirk, but kept her Sabbath where the paralytic lay—and there she sung the lonely psalm, and said the lonely prayer, unheard in Heaven, as many despairing spirits would have thought—but it was not so—for in two years there came a meaning to his eyes, and he found a few words of imperfect speech, among which was that of ‘Mother.’ Oh! how her heart burned within her, to know that her face was at last recognised! To feel that her kiss was returned, and to see the first tear that trickled from eyes that so long had ceased to weep! Day after day, the darkness that covered his brain grew less and less deep—to her, that bewilderment gave the blessedness of hope; for her son now knew that he had an immortal soul, and one evening joined faintly, and feebly, and erringly in prayer. A few weeks afterwards he remembered only events and scenes long past and distant—and believed that his father, and all his brothers and sisters, were yet alive. He called upon them by their names to come and kiss him—on them, who had all along been buried in the dust. But his soul struggled itself into reason and remembrance—and he at last said, ‘Mother! did some accident befall me yesterday at my work down the glen? I feel weak, and about to die!’ The shadows of death were indeed around him—but he lived to be told much of what had happened—and rendered up a perfectly unclouded spirit unto the mercy of his Saviour. His mother felt that all her prayers had been granted in that one boon—and when the coffin was borne away from the shieling, she remained in

it with a friend, assured that in this world there could for her be no more grief. And there in that same shieling, now that years have gone by, she still lingers, visited as often as she wishes by her poor neighbours—for, to the poor, sorrow is a sacred thing—who, by turns, send one of their daughters to stay with her, and cheer a life that cannot be long, but that, end when it may, will be laid down without one impious misgiving, and in the humility of a Christian’s faith.—*Blackwood’s Magazine.*

THEODORE AND CHARLOTTE.

DIENOPE

The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Dec 18, 1824; 2, 21;
American Periodicals
pg. 161

THEODORE AND CHARLOTTE.

YES, sir, at your request I will relate it, although the recital will call up deep and painful recollections. When I pointed out Theodore M. at the theatre, he was but the shadow of his former self; still, by an attentive observer, might be traced in his emaciated countenance, some wreck of that dignified turn of features, some lingering trace of that effulgent smile, which once lit up a countenance of supernatural lustre. At an early age he

became passionately enamoured of Charlotte H. Few termed her handsome; nay, some the reverse; but Theodore deviated from the world, in his extravagant fondness for her, and the deep sense he had of her innate worth. His attentions to her were not stimulated by fashion, or the ribaldry of show; for his heart turned to her with the warmest and most sincere adoration; and he in secret offered at her shrine a heart which Charlotte alone could have known how to prize.

Charlotte was a pensive girl, and beguiled many solitary hours by wandering in a little umbrageous wood, close skirting her mother's cottage. It was once the happiness of Theodora to meet her in a little alcove, formed by a sweet embowering vine which her hand had learned to twine a neighbouring tree, till, mingling their foliage, they composed a rustic grotto, where Charlotte, with her siren-toned flageolette, loved to loiter and inhale the air, which was agreeably cooled by the wild flirtations of a spray-crowned water-fall. It was the first time they had met alone, and Theodore improved it by unveiling his whole soul to her; for there was not a wish but angels might have registered.

Charlotte feigned no surprise to hear from his lips that declaration his eloquent eyes had often affirmed. Her soul scorned the meanness of dissimulation, and she calmly answered, while a slight suffusion passed over her high brow,

"Theodore, my whole soul acknowledges your worth, but"—she ceased.

Theodore raised his eye, and beheld the colour fast receding from her lip; he extended his arm to support her.

"Charlotte, Charlotte, my seraphic girl!" he wildly exclaimed, "what means this deep emotion?"

For a moment she accepted his proffered arm; but summoning her firmness, she arose, and, with an averted eye and faltering tongue, she informed him that in compliance with the earnest solicitations of her friends, her hand had been sometime plighted to another.

"Oh Theodore!" she exclaimed, deeply blushing, "Heaven can attest the fervency of a love which I durst not name, but which a conviction that I was not altogether indifferent to you I in secret fostered: I was urged to accept the hand of a neighbouring youth. Long and excruciating was the struggle between duty and affection. I hoped the former had triumphed, but this fatal moment, by convincing me of my mistake, awakens me to all the anguish of despair. My trials have been many, for I loved, deeply loved, long ere I dreamed it was reciprocal; and when indeed your eyes betrayed the tender prepossession, it was but to make me the more sensible of the dread sacrifice I had made. My health is rapidly declining; and this event, though not entirely unforeseen, has greatly overcome me. There is one thing, Theodore, I would speak of, but am unable at present; come to this alcove to-morrow before night-fall; I will meet you here if my health permits. It is the first request I have made, and I feel a presentiment it will be the last."

A tear, which did honour to manhood, gushed from the eye of Theodore. He would have encouraged her to hope, but he looked on her pale, saint-like countenance, and his voice refused him utterance.

"Suppress these emotions, dearest Theodore; suppress them for my sake, for they enhance, doubly enhance, my anguish; then adieu, Theodore, till to-morrow. When you are gone I shall recover composure enough to reach the cottage."

He would have requested to attend her, but she

read it in his looks, and raising her hand she waved him to depart.

"One word, I entreat. Charlotte, idol of my soul, my heart has too long, too fatally, cherished your adored image, to think it can be so easily eradicated. If your pre-engagement forbids all hope of blending my destiny with yours, at least, in compassion to my sufferings, protract the day which is to bestow on another the precious gift of yourself, for which I could have bartered my existence."

"Cease," cried Charlotte, in trembling accents; "for the love of heaven harrow not thus my soul. Look at this wasting form—does it not speak a speedy dissolution? In respect, then, to my declining health, let not grief thus unman you."

"Forgive, my noble girl," he madly exclaimed; and sinking at her feet, no longer able to suppress his grief, he gave way to it in all the eloquence of love and despair. The storm of passion at length subsided in a calm—it was the deadly calm of despair. Charlotte's words, 'these emotions doubly enhance my own,' then wrung through every avenue of his heart. He started up, dropped the hand he had held sealed to his lips; it fell listless at her side. A cold dew was scattered o'er her brow; he called on her name, but no dulcet tone came in response; he bent over her, but no ambrosial breath warmed her cold lips. It is now two years since these events, and the green grass waves over both their graves.

DENOPE.

THE REPOSITORY.: A VOYAGE.

The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Oct 16, 1824; 2, 12;
American Periodicals
pg. 93

was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand with long fingers clutching at my legs, and made violent efforts to escape, dragging after me, as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch. On rising to the surface, I recollect in a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror, which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek of another person in the extremity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment, and the cry I utter in my sleep is something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone for ever. The little happy world to which, a moment before, I had belonged, had swept by, the waves dashed on me, and struck me on the face, and howled at me; the winds yelled, and snow beat like drifting sand into my eyes,—and there I was left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp, and sink, and perish, alone, unseen and unpitied by man, and as I thought too, by the everlasting God. I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my glaring eyes, that felt leaping from their sockets, and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night,—but no ship—nothing but the white crested waves, and the dismal noise of thunder. I shouted, shrieked and yelled, that I might be heard by the crew, till my voice was gone—and that too, when I knew that there were none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and when I tried to call aloud, there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion, while the waves came upon me like stunning blows, reiterated and reiterating, and drove me along like a log of wood, or a dead animal.

Once I muttered to myself, "this is a dream, and I shall awake." I had often before dreamed of being drowned, and this idea of its being a dream so pressed upon me, that I vainly strove to shriek out, that the noise might awaken me. But oh! the transition, from this momentary and wild hope of its being all a dreadful dream, into the conviction of its reality! That indeed was something more hideous than a fanatic's thought of hell. All at once I felt my inmost soul throttled, struggled, and stifled, by an insupportable fear of death. That death which, to my imagination, had ever appeared the most hideous, and of which I had often dreamed till the drops fell down my forehead like rain, had now, in good truth, befallen me; but dreadful as all my dreams had been, what were they all to this? I felt as if all human misery was concentrated in the speechless anguish of my own single heart.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had been instinctively exerting my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but I grasped it with a passionate violence, for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and, with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was rescued. I had the same thought as if I had been suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown overboard every thing they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a hen-coop had drifted towards me.—At once all the stories I had ever read of mariners miraculously saved at sea, rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would enable me to prolong my existence. I was no longer helpless on the cold weltering world of waters; and the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all that they could for me, gave me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought, and looked around

eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snow-drift the gleaming of her sails.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship I knew could not be far off, but for any good she could do me, she might have been in the heart of the Atlantic ocean. Ere she could have altered her course I must have drifted a long way to the leeward, and in that dim, snowy night how was such a speck to be seen? I saw a flash of lightning, and then there was thunder. It was the ship firing a gun, to let me know, if still alive, that she was somewhere lying to. But wherefore? I was separated from her by a dire necessity, by many thousand and fierce waves, that would not let my shrieks be heard. Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed the sound, that, scarcely heard above the hollow rumbling of the tempestuous sea, told me that the ship was farther and farther off, till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate. Why did they not send their boats round and round all the night through, for the sake of one whom they pretended to love so well? I blamed, blessed, and cursed them by fits, till every emotion of my soul was exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair to the wretched piece of wood that still kept me from eternity.

Was it not strange, that during all this time the image of my friends at home never came to my mind? My thoughts had never escaped beyond the narrow and dim horizon of the sea, at least never beyond that fatal ship. But now I thought of home and the blessed things there, and so intensely bright was that flash of heavenly images, that for a moment my heart was filled with happiness. It was terrible when the cold and dashing waves broke over me in that insane dreaming fit, and awoke me to the conviction that there was nothing in store for me but an icy and lingering death, and that I, who had so much to live for, was seemingly on that account most miserably to perish.

What a war of passions perturbed my soul? Had I for this kept my heart full of tenderness, pure, lofty, and heroic, for my best beloved and long betrothed? Had God kept me alive through fevers and plagues, and war and earthquakes, thus to murder me at last? What mockery was all this? What horror would be in my gray haired parents' house when they came to hear of my doom? "O Theresa! Theresa!" and thus I wept and turmoiled through the night. Sometimes I had little or no feeling at all—sullen and ideless, I wished myself drowned at once—yet life was still sweet; and in my weakened state, I must have fallen from my frail vessel and been swallowed up, had I not, though even now I cannot remember when or how, bound myself to it. I had done so with great care—but a fit of despair succeeding, I forgot the circumstance, and in that situation looked at myself with surprise and wonder.

That I had awful thoughts of the eternity into which I felt gradually sinking, is certain; but it is wonderful how faintly I thought of the future world; all such thoughts were overthrown by alternate hope and despair connected with this life. I heard the shrill cry of sea-birds flying over my head, and instantly returned again to the hope of life. O, for such wings! but mine I thought were broken, and like a wounded bird lay floating powerless on the waves.

The night before I had had a severe rheumatism in my head, and now remembered that there was a phial of laudanum about me. I swallowed the whole of it—and ere long a strange effect was produced. I fell into a delirium, and felt a wild pleasure in dancing over the waves. I imagined my

THE REPOSITORY.

"Here we select
The various wonders of the moral world,
As in a museum displayed we see
Sea-shells and flowers, and airy pinioned birds."

A VOYAGE.

I WAS on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years, spent in unremitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a singular fatality. Our voyage had been singular and prosperous, and on Christmas day we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive with mirth and jollity. For my own part, I was the very happiest man in existence. I had been unexpectedly raised from poverty to affluence—my parents were once more longing to behold their erring and beloved son, and I knew that there was one dearer even than any parent, who had remained true to me through all my misfortunes, and would soon be mine for life.

About eight o'clock in the evening I went on deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind at the rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild grandeur in the night. A strong snow storm blew, but steadily, and without danger, and now and then, when the struggling moonlight overcame the sleety and misty darkness, we saw for some distance around us the agitated sea all tumbling with foam. There were no shoals to fear, and the ship kept boldly on her course, close-reefed, and mistress of the storm. I leaned over the gunwale, admiring the water rushing past like a foaming cataract, when, by some unaccountable accident, I lost my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into the sea.

I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my breast, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterwards a sensation of the most icy chillness from immersion into the waves—but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation. When below the water, I think that the momentary belief rushed across my mind that the ship had suddenly sunk, and that I

self in a vessel, and on a voyage, and had a dreamy impression that there was connected with it something of glory. Then suddenly a cold tremulous sickness would fall on me; a weight of sadness and despair. Every now and then there came these momentary flashings of reality; but the conviction of my personal identity soon gave way to those wilder fits, and I was drifted along through the moonless darkness of the roaring night, with all the fierce exultations of a raving madman. No wonder. The laudanum, the cold, the wet, the dashing, the buffeting, the agony, were enough to account for all this, and more than my soul dare even now shadow out to her shuddering recollection. But as God pitied the miserable, so also has he forgave the wicked thoughts of that unimaginable night.

During one of these delirious fits, whether it was a dream or a reality I know not, methought I heard the most angelical music that ever breathed from heaven. It seemed to come on the winds—to rise up from the sea—to melt down from the stormy clouds. It was at last like a full band of instrumental music, soft, deep, wild, such as I have heard playing on board a ship of war. I heard a rushing noise with the music, and the glorious ghost of a ship went roaring past me, all illuminated with lamps; her colours flying; every sail set, and her decks crowded with men. Perhaps a real ship sailed by with festivity on board. Or was it a vision? Whatever it was, I felt no repining when it passed me by; it seemed something wholly alien to me: the delirium had swallowed up all fear, all selfishness; the past and future were alike forgotten, and I kept floating along, self-questioned no longer, assured that I was somehow or other a part of the waves and the tempest, and that the wonderful and beautiful vision that had sailed by me was an aboriginal of the ocean. There was unspeakable pride and grandeur in this delirium. I was more intensely conscious of a brighter existence than I ever was in the most glorious dream, and instead of dreading death, I felt as if I were immortal.

This delirium I think must have gradually subsided during a kind of sleep, for I dimly recollect mixed images of pain and pleasure, land and sea, storm and calm, tears and laughter. I thought I had a companion at my side, and even her I best loved; now like an angel comforting me, and now like myself needing to be comforted, lying on my bosom, cold, drenched, despairing, and insane, and uttering, with pale, quivering lips, the most horrid and dreadful imprecations. Once I heard, methought, a voice crying from below the waves, "Hast thou forgot Theresa?" And looking down, I saw something like the glimmering of a shroud come slowly upwards, from a vast depth, to the surface of the water. I stooped down to embrace it, and in a moment a ghastly, blue, swollen face, de-featured horribly, as if by the gnawing teeth of sea monsters, dashed against mine; and as it sunk again, I knew well to whom belonged the black streaming hair. But I awoke. The delirium was gone, and I was at once a totally different creature. I awoke into a low, heartless, quaking, quivering, fear-haunted, cowardly, and weeping despondency, in which all fortitude was utterly prostrated. The excitement had worn out my very soul. A corpse rising out of a cold, clammy grave could not have been more wo-begone, spiritless, bloodless. Every thing was seen in its absolute dreadful reality. I was a castaway—no hope of rescue. It was broad day-light, and the storm had ceased; but clouds lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. What dreadful clouds! Some black as pitch, and

charged with thunder; others like cliffs of fire; and here and there all streamed over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrathful, despairing sky. The sun itself was a dull brazen orb, cold, dead, and beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their heads were turned from me. For whole hours they would adhere, motionless, to the sea, while I drifted away from them; and then a rushing wind would carry them, one by one, into the darkness of the stormy distance. Many birds came close to me as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, for all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea with which I seemed blended, and a sinking down and down an unfathomable depth, which I thought was death, and into the kingdom of the eternal future.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say, "Praise the Lord." My agony was dreadful, and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights kept moving to and fro. A hideous din was overhead, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skilful man. I had been picked up apparently dead and cold.—The hand of God was there.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.: ARNOLD AND ANDRE.

Scammell, A

The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Sep 25, 1824; 2, 9;
American Periodicals

pg. 66

his rascality. Now, after all these indulgences, the partiality of his countrymen, the trust and confidence the commander in chief had reposed in him, the prodigious sums that he has pilfered from his country, which has been indulgent enough to overlook his mal-practices, I say, after all this, it is impossible to paint him in colours sufficiently black. Avarice, cursed avarice, with unbounded ambition, void of every principle of honour, honesty, generosity, or gratitude, induced the caitiff to make the first overtures to the enemy, as Andre, the British adjutant-general, declared upon his honour, when on trial before the general officers. This brave, accomplished officer, was yesterday hanged; not a single spectator but what pitied his untimely fate, although filled with gratitude for the providential discovery; convinced that his sentence was just, and that the law of nations and custom of war justified and rendered it necessary. Yet his personal accomplishments, appearance, and behaviour, gained him the good wishes and opinion of every person who saw him. He was, perhaps, the most accomplished officer of the age—he met his fate in a manner which did honour to the character of a soldier. Smith, the man who harboured him, is under trial for his life, and I believe will suffer the same fate. May Arnold's life be protracted under all the keenest stings and reflections of a guilty conscience—be hated and abhorred by all the race of mankind, and finally suffer the excruciating tortures due to so great a traitor.

"I am, in haste, yours,

"A. SCAMMELL."

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

ARNOLD AND ANDRE.

The following is the original letter from Colonel Scammell, as brave a soldier as ever bled in the sacred cause of liberty and the "rights of man," to his intimate friend and companion in arms, Col. Peabody. It is upon the subject of Arnold's treachery, and we publish it for two reasons; first, because it breathes a proper spirit of detestation for that individual who could so far forget his manhood, his honour, and his maker, as to sell his country; and, secondly, because it has never but once before, to our knowledge, been inserted in a public journal. Although a period of nearly forty-five years has transpired since it was penned, still the circumstance it commemorates is as green in the remembrance of our countrymen as a thing of yesterday, which is, indeed, conclusive proof that "a traitor's memory can never die."

"Dear Sir—Treason! treason! treason! black as hell! That a man so high on the list of fame should be guilty as Arnold, must be attributed not only to original sin, but actual transgressions. Heavens and earth! we were all astonishment, each peeping at his next neighbour to see if any treason was hanging about him; nay, we even descended to a critical examination of ourselves. This surprise soon settled down into a fixed detestation and abhorrence of Arnold, which can receive no addition. His treason has unmasked him the veriest villain of centuries past, and set him in true colours. His conduct and sufferings at the northward, has, in the eyes of the army and his country, covered a series of base, grovelling, dirty, scandalous, and rascally peculation and fraud; and the army and country, ever indulgent and partial to an officer who has suffered in the common cause, wished to cover his faults; and we were even afraid to examine too closely, for fear of discovering some of

REPOSITORY.

"There is no man of a character so melancholy, so unlike the generality of human beings, but that he is always glad to turn from the monotony of unvaried occupation, to the lighter and the sweeter pleasure of the day."

CAROLINE MOOR.

"Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
"When all unheavenly passions fly;
"Chased by the soul-subduing power
"Of love's delicious witchery."

NEVER can pensive evening, with its whole train of beauties, steal over the landscape, without bringing to mind one who used to repeat this sweet verse when she wandered over the tender grass as it was bent by the refreshing dew. Caroline was just entering on her eighteenth summer, and as experience was opening its rich stores, the trifling gaiety of fifteen was laid aside, and she appeared ripe in her maiden modesty. The charm of poetry, which breathed with the witchery of her favourite Campbell, seemed to have infused into her character something of a wild, romantic loveliness, which, blended with a native sweetness, and a countenance that was all animation, would steal insensibly over the beholder as he listened to her voice, when accompanied by the harp, with the magic of love's novelty.

There is a dignity infused into the human character by education, which ever gives a moral tinge of greatness to the possessor; and although the clouds of adversity may lower around the youthful career of such, and the pretended esteem of those who once courted their smiles may be withdrawn, yet they move on, clearing away the obstruction of the one and disregarding the other. Caroline had seen too much of life to be led away by the bustle that surrounded her, and knew that there were dark shades, blended with the light hue that volatility ever presents; her pleasure was of a softer cast, and all the bright and sweet influence given to the female character from a cultivated mind, and every charm that we delight to love in woman, she seemed to possess, and yet covered it with such an artless innocence that made her appear still more lovely. It was no wonder, then, that envy propagated many a tale; but the secret of her life was hid from all eyes, and could not be searched by any, yet she stood unmoved amid all the suspicion that was cast upon her, and was loved still more by many, for the persecution she suffered.

It was pleasant to look abroad from the little cot, the residence of the Moors, in the stillness of summer's evening, upon the wide-spreading Hudson, which lay tranquilly before the eye, on whose bosom the white sail could be distinguished far off gilded by the moon-beams, or listen to the music of the lute, as the boatman breathed upon it some wild and plaintive air; or perhaps the sound of his voice, which the scene rendered sweet, would be heard to tell the tale of unrequited love—of the pledges that were unredeemed, or of the vows that had been forgotten; and then, as if to drown the thoughts, he would strike upon some lively air, which would cease only as it died away in the distance, as the boat glided along, and the white sail was lost to the sight over the waters.

I have said there was a secret. Immediately after the wreck of his fortune and purchase of the little cottage on the river's brink, Mr. Moor consigned his wife and daughter to the care of a near relative, and departed for England; and while every packet brought favourable news from the parent of his speedy return and restoration to wealth, hope, to them, would rove away on the light wings of fancy, and live in the days that were coming. But there was a secret of another kind—one that

could be cherished in the breast and kept alive, and which still would prey upon the very fount of life; and that was said to be the cause of the shade of gloom which now and then overspread the countenance of Caroline. Edward had been absent for two summers, and no intelligence from him had yet arrived, and the thoughts that he had perished in a foreign clime, where none would heave a sigh to his memory, or had sunk beneath the rolling billows, when gloom and darkness rested over the ocean, were too overpowering, and the tear would steal silently down her cheek; and it corresponded so well with the tune she sang so sweetly, when she touched upon the days of "auld lang syne," that none could bear her without having his whole soul melted into tenderness, as his fancy wandered back and dwelt upon scenes of former days, or memory hovered over the circle of youthful associates.

It was in the mildness of one of those evenings, at that season of the year when the whole landscape was spread before the eye, yellow with the richness of harvest—when the moon shone full upon the water just rippled by the summer air, that a vessel was slowly passing along, and we could plainly hear, as the silence that reigned around was broken by the stern voice of the captain, with the orders for landing a passenger. The little boat was soon under way, and propelled by two sturdy oarsmen, was quickly lost to the sight among the trees. A few minutes after a knock at the door interrupted a conversation on the return of the parent, when it opened, and Mr. Moor entered—he was soon clasped in the arms of his wife and daughter, all of whom shed tears of joy. "Would that I could meet you as I wished," were the first words he uttered. "I have been unfortunate—after labouring hard, through the false failure of my employers, I was deprived of all"—he rested his head upon his hands, and was silent. Mr. Moor appeared but the shadow of what he was—the health and animation that once bloomed upon his countenance had disappeared, and it was now the image of disappointed hopes, that had settled down into dejected melancholy. "Well, and you shall be unfortunate no longer," said a voice, as it trembled with emotion, and the fine form of Edward Villers stood before us, "and you, Caroline, must dry that tear," and bending forward, he imprinted a kiss on her blushing cheek. The gloom that had just shaded every countenance disappeared, and joy moved along and smiled upon every face. Edward had been successful, and had arrived just in time to drive away sorrow from those he esteemed, and to cheer the heart and make her he loved happy.

Thus was merit rewarded, and true love repaid.

Egbert.

THE IDLER.

"Yes, there are such—poor, lonely, worthless things,
Whose hearts are callous to the voice of love;
They live in warfare with the laws of God,
And die as heartless as they ever lived."

COUNTRY OLD MAIDS.

AN EYE SKETCH.

You no doubt recollect, Mr. Morris, that not many days since, one of the occasional visitants at your literary drawing-room, who was strongly suspected of being near "low water mark," made his obeisance, preparatory to an intended excursion to the country, for the treble purposes of strengthening his nerves, maturing his logic, and meeting with his friends, among whom he was in the hope of recognising his old acquaintance, Primefit. It is with no common sensations of pleasure that he is enabled to acquaint you, that after sundry "accidents by flood," and a few hard knocks from the jolting of a crazy stage-coach, he is now quietly seated in a snug room of the garret story, under his paternal roof, "sole monarch (poetically speaking) of all he surveys"—this being the only place of refuge left him, from causes to which he will probably have occasion to revert.

However, your correspondent has no great reason to complain. His garret overlooks several delightful farms, well stocked, snug improvements, and every thing which our friend Cosey would call "comfortable." In the vista, two white spires, indicating the source from whence they emanate, are seen pointing far above the trees, to "a country not made with hands,"—all of which, taken in connexion with other beauties that complete the landscape, presents to the occupant far more luxuries than Goldsmith, Johnson, Savage, and fifty others of equal genius, have at times enjoyed; and from whence some of the proudest productions of human intellect have been issued. As to furniture, I have a faded toilet to scribble upon, older than myself, over which hangs a broken looking-glass, even of anterior date—two heavy, old fashioned mahogany chairs, the workmanship of which same would make some of our modern carvers blush, were such a thing possible, and a bed whose sheets are whiter than the driven snow. For books, I have a mutilated edition of Shakspeare, (Pope's) printed in the year 1761—two odd volumes of Clarissa Harlowe—an odd volume or two of Addison, Hervey's Meditations, Zimmerman on Solitude, Pilgrim's Progress, etc. etc., bringing up the rear with a complete file of the "New-York Mirror," which I need not tell you is my pillow by night and my companion by day.

I have designated the "blighted lily" of my vexations, as the "Country Old Maid," because there is such a wide difference between her and city maid-

ens of the same grade. The gradual and almost imperceptible decline of the latter into that age from whence, by the laws of gallantry, we are restrained from ranking them as maidens antique, has given them grace to meliorate the disposition and cultivate the acrid qualities of the temper, by means of which they are enabled to preserve towards the rising generation an evenness and suavity of manner, at once companionable and inoffensive. If, perchance, a joke should now and then be broke across her false teeth, or little Julie should playfully displace her glossy, black wig, she lets drive the battledore of her wit, which, rebounding into the faces of her assailants, creates a pleasant reaction, and the matter there ceases, and all is forgotten. By these gentle assiduities, and a proper attention to the person and dress, she glides down the stream of time without the odium that is too frequently attached, by the vulgar, to single ladies who have passed the "hey-day of the blood."

Not so with the antique country maiden; she is a very different kind of animal. The gradation is more sudden; tell-tale envy soon whispers the sad fact abroad so soon as Miss passes on to the wrong side of maidenhood, and it spreads over the village with the rapidity of an approaching wedding. All eyes are upon her, and a sentence of ostracism is at once carried into effect by both sexes, who are so fortunate as to be within the palings of the implied matrimonial boundary. However ungenerous this kind of proscription may be, (and I deem it shamefully so,) it is enough to know that the custom prevails. That it curdles the temper, and infuses the gall of bitterness into many a naturally generous female breast, there can be no question; an instance of one is now before me.

Miss Philomela, for that is her name, was once flattered into the opinion that she was a *belle*—but, as our friend Simpson, of the Chatham, says of his wife, in "*Therese*"—*that was a long time ago*. She has years upon her back, probably forty. Her figure, which is rather *petit*, is still genteel, although there is a certain squeamishness in her gait, and a quaintness in her conversation, which betrays the disagreeable peculiarities attached to protracted *single-blessedness*. The expression of her countenance (except when in anger) is tolerable; time, not nature, is to blame for the wrinkles on her brow—nor is it a sin of her's that her hair, once a glossy brown, corresponding with a pair of bright hazle eyes, is now diversified by a portion of a silvery tint. Gray hairs are honourable, and should be mentioned with respect. But a truce to levity.

Know, then, that this antique Miss lives in the family of which I am a branch, as a kind of companion, but in fact assumes the authority of mistress. As I entered the mansion, in appearance rather *a-la-Diddler*, her scrutinizing optics neither fancied my florid visage, or the fashion of my "rig." I was, therefore, packed into the lofty apartment aforesaid, and without a great show of ceremony. After remaining two days in the attic, my mother and sisters ventured to invite me below to a ceremonious breakfast. Never was invitation more acceptable. I was nearly dead with *ennui*, and hungry as a pointer. I had already anticipated a real set-to at the beef-steaks, which I knew were smoking by the fire, having been two days on soups, gruels, and the nauseous contents of galipots, when I heard the joyful summons for approaching the table. I was on the spot in a twinkling, with difficulty restraining my impatience during the formality of the blessing. When, lo! the delicate nerves of Miss Philomela could not "bear the presence of the prodigal," and she was borne off in a violent fit of hysterics, very much to my satisfaction. However, my happiness was destined

to be of but short duration, for no sooner had the lady recovered, than poor Pilgarlick was remanded back to his garret, with strict injunctions not to leave it during his stay. By two-headed Janus, I would have subscribed a five dollar bill towards purchasing Mrs. Walstein a gray wig, to be used the next time she plays the Hon. Miss Lucretia M'Tab, had that lady been present to have witnessed this serio-comical scene. It was done, as you critics sometimes say, *to the life*.

Insulated, as I now am, through the instrumentality of this she-dragon, from enjoying the society of the family in quiet, after an absence of many long months, you cannot be astonished at my present aversion towards the fraternity of which she is so conspicuous a member. Having never heretofore taken the trouble to examine, much less to analyse one of their species, my knowledge had been derived from the assertions of others, whom I disbelieved, and charged with malice,—and an occasional caricature (as I supposed) upon the stage: but, alas! the representations which I had imagined proceeded from levity or malice, were but water-colours in reality. Thank heaven, I have but few enemies, but were I possessed of any ever so inveterate, the worst possible punishment I should wish either of them, would be the shrivelled arms of the antique Philomela. Like the fable of the dog in the manger, she will neither cultivate happiness herself, or permit the enjoyment of it in others. What a melancholy reflection for those who are approaching a certain age, that their companions through the dreary and unfertile vale of single-blessedness, must partake of this forlorn and odious character.

But avaunt to this disgusting subject. O! when I contrast with this sombre picture, the beauty and virtues of my angelic Ann, and am compelled to defer for awhile the blissful moment when I shall call her mine, each day seems an age.

"Till Hymen brought his love delighted hour,
"There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower;
"The world was sad, the garden was a wild;
"And man, the hermit, sigh'd, till woman smiled."

I am surprised, amazed, that there should remain a young heart in creation so dead to the most refined and godlike passion of our nature, as to idle away the spring of life in coquetry or indifference, when there is such opportunity for a world of happiness in perspective, by forming in early life a matrimonial alliance based upon love and principle.

But what have I here?—post-marked New-York, and, by all the gods, the fair Ann's hand! So adieu!

C.

THE REPOSITORY.

EUGENIA DE MIRANDE. FROM THE FRENCH.

TOWARDS the close of the summer, a young man, named Linval, walking in the Tuilleries, found, near the delightful bower where the exquisite statues of Hippomenes and Atalanta are placed, the following billet:

"An opportunity is offered to the person who shall find this billet, of doing a good action. If the person is disposed to do it he is requested to go to the rue de Saintonge, No. 1342, and ask for Eugenia de Mirande.

"P. S. Should the finder be unwilling to go to the assistance of an unfortunate mother, he is requested not to prevent another person from doing it, but to drop the billet where he found it."

Linval is the best dancer in Paris, after Trenis; he read the billet, hummed a new air while he was reading it, and then, with a stroke of his bamboo, whisked it into the air, and hastened to the Fauxbourg du Roule, to give his opinion upon a robe of exquisite taste, but which it was feared was not sufficiently striking.

The second man who picked it up was a man of middle age, simply clad, and walking quick. He stopped, however, to read it, but casting his eyes towards heaven, as if he meant to say, "It is not to me this letter is addressed," he placed it respectfully in its former place.

A contractor came next—one of those men who think themselves moderate, because they are content with the trifling gain of three thousand francs a day, and who are purse-proud and impudent; he first kicked the billet, then took it up from motives of curiosity. Scarcely had he read it, when he tore it into a thousand pieces, exclaiming, "Tis a trap."

The next day, precisely at the same place, another billet was deposited, exactly similar to the former. The first person who perceived it, had the delicacy to take the address, and to place the billet where he found it. A young married couple perceived it a few minutes afterwards. After having read it, madame C. who was on the point of becoming a mother, said to her husband,

"My love, let us see the person to whom we are directed. What we have to give is but little; but a slight benefit often prevents the unfortunate from giving themselves up to despair, and inspires them with courage to wait for better days."

The young couple proceeded to the rue de Saintonge. But at Paris, having the name, the street, and the number, is by no means sufficient to insure the finding of the real place. Some houses have the numbers they had before the revolution; from other houses the revolution has removed former numbers and placed others. The sections have accumulated upon the walls of Paris ciphers of all colours, and not at all regular. After having walked twice up and down the streets, the young couple at length found out 1342. They learned that the house was occupied by an old man, formerly a physician, who had retired, and passed for a rich man; and who had an only daughter, distinguished for her wit and her talents.

The young couple were shown up a very handsome staircase, to the first floor, where they were ushered into a room, very neatly furnished, without gaudiness, but with perfect taste. They asked to speak with Eugenia de Mirande; and a young lady of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, graceful and elegant, rose and showed them into a small apartment, where every thing proved that the useful and agreeable were habitually cultivated; books, pamphlets, music-books, instruments, and drawings,

were in every part of the room—every thing denoted affluence.

"I fear," said madame C., "I have fallen into some mistake. We read your address, madame, upon a billet we found in the Tuilleries, and determined to offer some assistance to the person pointed out; but we perceive here that there are charms to delight, not sorrows to be relieved."

Eugenia de Mirande, for it was to her they spoke, explained to them, but with some embarrassment, that she was only the organ of a lady, very much to be pitied; who from a sentiment of pride, wished to conceal herself, but who was worthy the interest she had excited.

"In that case," said madame C., "request her to permit me to see her; I do not think that she ought to blush at a visit from one of her own sex, who is not a stranger to sorrow."

The young lady evaded the request, under a pretext that her protégé had a whimsical imagination, which rendered it difficult to confer an obligation upon her.

"But has she children?"

"Three; and she has just lost, after a long and expensive illness, a husband whose labour supplied them with the means of living."

"Good heaven! what a situation! and what age are the children?"

"They are all young; a girl of five years and a half is the eldest."

"I shall soon," said madame C., with a blush which lent a new charm to her beauty, "be a mother myself; this is sufficient to interest me for the fate of these little innocents; yet this circumstance unfortunately prevents me from having the satisfaction of taking one of the children; my own will demand all my care; but permit me at least to send a small bundle for the eldest child; for I cannot believe that, with such a friend as you, the family can be exposed to the want of the necessities of life."

Eugenia de Mirande thanked the lady in the name of her friend, and accepted the present, after taking down the name and address of madame C.

Scarcely had the young couple retired, when a young gentleman came upon the same errand.

"Your pardon, madam," said he to Eugenia, "it is not you I am in search of, but Eugenia de Mirande."

A similar explanation—similar astonishment. After having heard the story of the unfortunate person the young man appeared to be much moved.

"How happens it that a widow and three little innocents should be absolutely without succour, upon so fertile a soil as ours, and in the midst of an enlightened nation?"

"You are in the right, sir; but where is the remedy?"

"The remedy, madam, would be to give a little more provident wisdom to Frenchmen, and make them understand, that after to-morrow there is another day to come; and that when we quit life we leave behind us often the dearest part of ourselves. But that is not the point to be considered now. The situation of the lady, about whom you have interested yourself, is dreadful; and, whatever be the causes, let us try to soften them."

Eugenia received the present the young man gave.

"I am not rich, madam, and that is the reason my donation is so trifling; but when we are prudent, we can always, though young, have something to give."

"But, sir, money is not the sole benefit we can extend to the wretched; good offices and tenderness do them much more service."

"Is your friend, madam, in want of such offices?"

Speak the word, and there is nothing I will not do upon your recommendation."

"Yet forgive me, sir; let my motives excuse my indiscretion. Does your situation in life afford you the means of speaking to the minister?"

"No, madam; my father cultivates property in the environs of Paris; he has passed his whole life in doubling its value by constant care and good management, but never was he seen in the avenues of power; this is what I congratulate him upon more than I praise him, for we do not frequent the anti-chambers of men in place for pleasure. Happily I have no more need to do so than he. I partake, with five brothers and sisters, who love me and whom I love, the patrimony he will leave us; and I hope the minister will never hear us spoken of. Yet if it be necessary to solicit him in favour of your friend, I am ready to do it. What is it she wants?"

"To establish a claim that is just—the security of one of our armies rendered it necessary to destroy an establishment which the husband of the widow founded: she asks for indemnity."

"And must she have protection, madam, to obtain this?"

"Protection is not necessary to obtain it, because it is just; but we wish for protection in order that the business may not linger in the *bureau*, before it is seen by the minister."

"I see," said Latremblaye, the name of the young man, "that we must lay before the minister, a concise and clear memorial, which shall make him feel the justice of the claim."

"That is just the thing; but the memorial must be drawn."

Both were silent.

"I scarcely dare ask you," said Eugenia.

"Why not? I should have offered to do it, if I had not been afraid of doing it ill. Besides, I am ignorant of the details of the affair."

"I will communicate them."

Eugenia retired a moment, and returned with her father. She requested him to ask Latremblaye to dinner, in order that he might be furnished with the details of the business in question. The old gentleman entreated the young man to fix a day, which, after mutual compliments, he did.

Latremblaye came at the appointed time; the dinner was gay, and the conversation lively; every subject was introduced, except the one which had been the occasion of the dinner. Latremblaye thought Eugenia charming. She was well informed, and had vivacity and wit. After dinner she introduced the affair of the unfortunate lady. Latremblaye heard her with attention, and promised to draw up the memorial in two days. He performed his promise, and succeeded perfectly well: energy, clearness, and precision; nothing was wanting. Eugenia read it with marks of the highest satisfaction.

"There is a strength, a sensibility, sir, in the style, which render it impossible for the minister not to yield to your reasoning; and were I in the minister's place, you should certainly not experience a refusal."

"Nor is this all, sir; we must give your memorial a new degree of eloquence; it must be presented by the person herself who is supposed to have written it. The gesture, voice, and look of the person interested will add to the impression it ought to produce. Attempt to procure a rendezvous, in order that the lady may deliver it herself to the minister."

After a week's exertions Latremblaye came one evening to Eugenia with a triumphant air.

"I have procured an interview for to-morrow;

give your friend notice, and with this paper all doors will be open to her."

"What gratitude do I not owe you? You will have the satisfaction of having snatched this poor family from despair; but do not abandon her till you have conducted her to the door. A woman softened by grief, and timid, would appear to disadvantage unaccompanied. Do you consent to go with her?"

This last act of complaisance cost Latremblaye much; yet the habit of yielding to the wishes of Eugenia, the desire of insuring the success of the business, a curiosity to see the unknown, conquered his repugnance, and he promised to come the next day to Eugenia's, where the mysterious lady was to be.

The next day Eugenia, without being full dressed, was more carefully dressed than usual; her hair fell gracefully over her forehead and down her neck, her eyes sparkled, and her bosom heaved, as Latremblaye entered.

He looked around the room, and said,

"The lady has not yet come?"

"No," replied Eugenia, with some emotion.

"I will wait for her."

He took a seat near the tea-table, at which Eugenia was sitting. A silence of some minutes ensued. Each stole looks at the other. Latremblaye blushed, and would have been put out of countenance if Eugenia had not blushed also.

Latremblaye at length said, but with some hesitation,

"I ought, madam, to bless this circumstance, (Eugenia cast her eyes upon the ground) which has introduced me to your acquaintance."

"Whatever satisfaction you feel, sir, you must derive from a conviction of merit. The zeal you have shown—I assure you I have been—gratified, pleased with it."

A second silence ensued as long as the first. Latremblaye at length took a desperate resolution.

"I know not that I am doing right; but I cannot conceal what I feel—you know it as well as I do."

Eugenia could by a word have relieved his embarrassment; but in such circumstances the female bosom, however humane, never carries its humanity so far, and when arrived at that point, women force us to tell them what they know already; so that the poor young man confessed he loved her. Eugenia had propriety enough to keep a just medium between the offended air, which only would have suited a prude, and that satisfied manner which ill accords with the modesty of her sex. The conversation changed, but it became animated, lively; relieved from a burden, it proceeded with lightness, grace, and ease. Questions were asked and answered without hesitation; each communicated their pursuits, their modes of thinking and speaking on different subjects, with such confidence, they did not perceive they had been waiting for three quarters of an hour.

Latremblaye at length noticed the non-arrival—

"She is not come yet."

"She will not come at all," replied Eugenia.

Latremblaye, in utter astonishment, looked at Eugenia, whose eyes answered only by an expression of languor, mixed with a smile, which produced together an inexpressible grace.

"Would you," said Eugenia, "be very, very angry with me, if, by chance, there should be no truth in the history of my unfortunate lady? If all this was but a proof, a means of pointing out to my heart a man whose sensibility was not the effect of sensual desires?"

Latremblaye knew not what to answer.

"You will, perhaps, believe me," continued Eugenia, "when I tell you that I have received the homage of several men: will you also believe me, when I add, that none of those who distinguished me was precisely such a one as I wished? The death of my mother, whom I lost early, has given a considerable degree of independence to my mind. My father is my friend; I consult him always; his manner of viewing things is liberal; he permitted me to make a trial, a bold one without doubt, but which, however, could go no further than I wished."

"I am not recovered from my surprise," said Latremblaye. "What was it but a feint? It has cost you much, I am sure, for I recollect several circumstances in which you were interdicted."

"It is true; but I was supported by the intention of confessing every thing."

"And my memorial?"

"I will keep it," said Eugenia, "as a monument of the goodness of your heart, and the eloquence of your style."

"And the author of the memorial, what will you make of him?"

"My husband," replied Eugenia, with downcast looks, "if he wishes it, and if our two families consent."

The two families, composed of good persons, easily consented, and the young couple were united at Paris a few weeks ago. As soon as they were united they went to pay a visit to madame C. to relieve her from her benevolent anxiety, and make her an elegant present for the bundle which she had sent to the unfortunate lady.

FRAGMENT.

George
The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Oct 9, 1824; 2, 11;
American Periodicals
pg. 85

said he, with a shudder, "my dreadful fate will be accomplished! Amanda! once more let me breathe that name—Amanda! farewell!"

A moment elapsed—still, and oh, how interesting! The elements gave no notice of the event that was about to happen—the fatal cloud left the moon in all its tranquil loveliness—and as it renewed its pensive gaze upon this varied world, it found Henry—quietly walking home to bed, where, I have no doubt, he had a very good nap! GEORGE.

FRAGMENT.

The whole truth rushed upon his mind at once, and every hope darkened into despair. She loved another! He had seen her hastily concealing a portrait in her bosom, and blush as she knew that her secret was discovered. Leaving her presence, Henry roved down the street, with the utmost difficulty restraining tears from streaming down his cheeks. A feeling of desolation depressed his spirits, and he cursed the hour that gave him birth. Then did the horrible idea of self-murder gleam across his mind—and he was willing to break the ties which bound him to the world, and stand before his Maker "with all his imperfections on his head." A pair of loaded pistols were lying in his bureau—and with a pale face and trembling hand, he hastened to possess himself of them. Not more fiercely goes the bellowing bull after the affrighted object of his rage—or the lion, when he leaps upon his shrieking prey, than Henry, with rapid strides, almost ran down to the Battery—here the serene night shone with all its tranquil glory—the stars were twinkling in the illumined vault—the moon held her easy way through her splendid path—scarcely a breath played in the unmoving trees, save here and there some slight murmur chiming in with the sound of the waters. The determined man stood erect, and gazed upon the moon—a light cloud, floating on its airy course, for one passing moment obscured the brightness of the orb of night. Henry raised the pistols to his aching brow! The tears of unrequited love shining in his eyes! "Before that cloud has passed over the moon,"

A CHILI DINNER.

The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Aug 7, 1824; 2, 2;
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milk brose. Our drink was the wine of the country; and, on going out to the veranda, after dinner, apples and oranges were offered to us.

A CHILI DINNER.

We found the mother sitting alone on the estrada, supported by her cushions, with a small, low, round table before her, on which was spread a cotton cloth, by no means clean. The daughters only served their mother—but ate their own meals in the kitchen, by the fire. We were accommodated with seats at the old lady's table. The first dish that appeared was a small platter of melted marrow, into which we were invited to dip the bread that had been presented to each, the old lady setting the example, and even presenting bits thoroughly sopped, with her fingers, to Miss H. who contrived to pass them to a puppy, who sat behind her. I not being so near, escaped better; besides, as I really did not dislike the marrow, but I wished in vain for the addition of pepper and salt, I dipped my bread most diligently, and ate heartily. The bread in Chili is not good after the first day. The native bakers usually put suet or lard into it, so that it tastes like cake—a few French bakers, however, make excellent bread; but that we had to-day was of the contrary, and assimilated well with the melted marrow. After this *appetiser*, as my country-men would call it, a large dish of charqui-can was placed before us. It consists of fresh beef, very much boiled, with pieces of charqui, or dried beef, slices of dried tongue, and pumpkin, cabbage, potatoes, and other vegetables in the same dish. Our hostess immediately began eating from the dish with her fingers, and invited us to do the same; but one of her daughters brought us each a plate and fork, saying she knew that such was our custom. However, the old lady persisted in putting delicate pieces on our plate, with her thumb and finger. The dish was good, and well cooked. It was succeeded by a fowl, which was torn to pieces with the hands—and then came another fowl, cut up, and laid on sippets strewed with chopped herbs—and then soup—and lastly, a bowl of milk, and a plate of *Harina de Yalli*, that is, flour made from a small and delicate kind of maize. Each being served with a cup of milk, we stirred the flour into it, and I thought it excellent, from its resemblance to

A FRAGMENT.

*The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Oct 16, 1824; 2, 12;
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pg. 90*

A FRAGMENT.

“ Yes, poverty thou art horrible!—in whatever colours poets may paint thee, thou art horrible—thou art as cold as the grave ; the winter winds whistle about thee ; icicles hang from thy shaggy hair, and the cold snows beat upon thy naked bosom. Thou hast neither a hut to shelter thee ; nor fire to warm thee ; nor clothes to cover thee ; nor food to satisfy thy craving appetite. Thou hast no friends ; the eye of pity is never turned on thee ; nor the tear of sympathy excited by thy sufferings.

Thou art an outcast from the world ; thou art hated and persecuted by all : thou art despised by the whole human race. What dost thou then in this world ! Is there any hope for thee ? Art thou not wretched beyond conception ? and dost thou still cling to the hillock of earth ? Go, hide thyself in the grave : there thine enemies cannot hurt thee, nor the insolence of prosperity reach thee ; there shalt thou rest in peace ; the cold clod shall press lightly on thy breast, and thy manifold sufferings be remembered no more. Then shalt thou feel neither cold nor hunger : the winter winds shall whistle unheeded, and the rude storm shall beat harmless on the sod which covers thee. Yes, thanks to heaven ! there is one consolation left me, and this I will cherish : it will support me a little longer : I will go and for a moment forget that I was miserable.

THE REPOSITORY.: A LIFE OF TRIALS.

Rachel

The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Nov 13, 1824; 2, 16;
American Periodicals

pg. 122

THE REPOSITORY.

A LIFE OF TRIALS.

I HAVE this day completed my nineteenth year. It may fairly be supposed that variety has nothing to do with one who is faltering on the brink of the grave—and that she can have little in view save the instruction of others, in detailing two of the trials of a strange and chequered existence. The first may teach the younger part of my sex, in this age of over-refinement, that if courage be indispensable to bold, enterprising man, self-possession is no less necessary to timid, shrinking woman; and my second, that if any anatomical exposure be the nurse, (and I believe it,) of medical science, caution should be used in the selection of objects, and discrimination in the choice of those who are to participate in its disclosures. And, thus, when my feeble voice will be heard in this world no longer, I may instruct from my grave. I was a girl of eighteen, when my father was governor of York Castle. A murder, attended with circumstances of the most inhuman barbarity, had been perpetrated in our neighbourhood, and an old man, with his two sons, charged with the commission of the crime, were delivered into his custody. By accident I witnessed their being brought into the castle. Years have passed away, and other events have succeeded; joy and sorrow, affluence and poverty, like storm and sunshine, have chased each other; foreign scenes, and foreign faces, have intervened; but I see them before me now—in the deep gloom of midnight, in which I am writing—as clear, aye, as if they were standing before me! The hardened ruthless look of the elder murderer; his venerable, hoary hair, frightfully contrasted by the expression of his countenance—his cold, gray eye, which glanced incessantly around, with the most fearful and restless anxiety—his parched lips and haggard look, sadly at variance with his bent form and tottering gait; all combined to form a picture, which, once seen, could never be forgotten. The two sons stood behind their father. The elder appeared stern and sullen; muttered an incoherent answer when asked what injury he had received from his victim, while an expression of vindictive triumph glared in his eye. The younger seemed bowed down with the consciousness of guilt, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground. Once only he raised them. They encountered the old man's penetrating glance, and sunk beneath it.

Deposition after deposition was drawn out, and such a mass of circumstantial evidence accumulated, that it was hardly possible to doubt their guilt. The trial was to come on in the course of ten days—but, in the interim, a committee of the House of Commons required my father's presence in town, and I was left in charge of the Castle. It was a responsibility which I had incurred before, and it did not appear formidable. I was surrounded by trusty and tried servants, and having always been taught to rely on my own courage and resolution in exigencies, I entered upon my duties without fear. The keys of the different wards were brought me every night, and remained under my pillow till morning; and that my father's room might be kept perfectly aired, I removed to it in the evening after his departure. Things went on smoothly for some days, till, one morning, I was told that the eldest Welsford was not to be found, and was supposed to have made his escape. Placards were posted over York without delay—large rewards offered for his apprehension—officers and constables despatched in all directions, but without success. Eight and forty hours elapsed, and no tidings were procured of him. How he had es-

aped, and to what retreat he had fled, was as much a secret as ever. In this annoying posture of affairs, I went to my own room, in the evening of the second day, for some papers I wished to consult. I had opened my desk, and was busily prosecuting my search, when happening to glance my eye around, I distinctly saw the face of a man, cautiously peeping over the furniture of my bed: I felt it was Welsford's! My first impulse was to scream, but recollecting that I was alone, in a distant part of the house—that all assistance was beyond my reach—that the faintest shriek would seal my doom, I hastily smothered my emotion, and continued my search as before. I confess I trembled: and thinking my death-blow might be dealt from behind, I determined on having what little notice I could: and facing my foe, I drew my chair fronting the bed, and read a letter—my voice, I know, faltered—aloud. I then sung for a few moments—very faintly, I believe!—till, gradually getting nearer and nearer the door, I made a grasp at the lock, and rushed out. I trust I felt as grateful as I ought towards a merciful Providence, when I locked the door upon the felon! The turnkeys were then summoned, the fugitive was taken, secured, and a few hours afterwards condemned. On the night preceding his execution, he made a full confession. After admitting the justice of his sentence, he continued—that having discovered by accident his cell joined my apartment, and knowing the keys were given me nightly, he had climbed up one chimney, and let himself down by another, into my room; that his design was to have murdered me, possessed himself of the keys, and escaped; that during the two whole days he was missing, he had lain concealed in my room, enduring (as he himself expressed it), “between hunger and disappointment, the torments of the damned.” He added—he “thought himself in heaven when he at last saw me enter; and though I had not the keys with me, would then have despatched me, but that he was sure, from my manner and stay, I had no suspicion that he was near me.” How closely did I hover on the confines of another world! A sound, nay, even a look, and I should have been in eternity.

I pass over many years in which I was launched on the stormy sea of sorrow, and buffeted with its waves, and hasten to my last trial. I had seen the light turf strewn over my father and five brothers: one, only one, the youngest, and my favourite, survived. The death of the others had only knitted us more strongly together, and made us all the world to each other. After having received a thoroughly medical education, he was on the point of entering into partnership, when my mother's death recalled him to York. Her loved form had been deposited in its narrow dwelling, and he was about to return to town, when a friend requested him to demonstrate on a subject, and three days after the funeral, he consented to do so. He went to the infirmary—his instruments were ready, and every preparation had been made—but when the cloth which covered the body was removed, he recognised—his own mother! The empire of reason was at an end. He rushed from the room a maniac!

I am now an isolated being. Of a large and happy family I remain the solitary survivor. But do I complain? do I repine? O no! Roses have been scattered among the thorns which strewed my path through life—and feeling that my connexion with earth and its illusions will be shortly closed, I look forward to the period when the storms and tempests, that have clouded the evening of my days, will be succeeded by the never-failing pleasures of returning spring.

RACHEL.

A STRANGE STORY.

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American Periodicals
pg. 114

A STRANGE STORY.

IT is related, that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady had a lover, whose fluency of tongue exceeded her own. Wearied by his incessant loquacity, she laid her command upon him, that, as he valued her favour and hoped for the possession of her hand, he should observe an absolute silence.

night and day, in all companies and on all occasions, until she should permit him again to loosen his love-sealed organs of speech. By this stratagem the lady got all the talking to herself; for her lover remained inflexibly dumb for two years.— Whether she made him amends for this privation by any fairy favours, we cannot say; but we should imagine that a chaste kiss now and then would have been no infringement of the embargo laid on his lips; and he might the more readily have been indulged in this little particular, as his inviolable taciturnity put it out of his power to boast of the favour.

His friends concluded that he had lost his speech for ever, the young lady all this time (which indeed is the greatest wonder in the story) having kept the real cause a profound secret. At last, at an assembly where they both met, she boasted that she could with one word restore him to speech. His eyes glistened with that impatient, breathless mixture of pleasure and anxiety with which a prisoner sees the door slowly open that is to usher him to light and liberty. The assembly crowded around them to witness the operation. "Speak," said she, and she held out her hand. "Oh, my love! my life!" were the first accents that dropped from his lips. "I have made trial of your constancy," said she, "and before this assembly I vow to be yours for ever." "And ever," cried the enraptured lover, as he pressed her to his bosom. This was one of those happy moments which give us a foretaste of heaven.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

"Friendship is constant in all things,
Save in the affairs of love."

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

All hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent."

WHEN this earth was created there were two passions breathed upon the soul of man, which have been greater sources of pain and pleasure, of deep agony and exquisite joy, than almost any others—friendship and love. The one such as binds man to man, that faithful, strict, stern quality, which calmly regards the interest of another as its own, and seeks another self in the companion of a friend. The other, that soft, sweet, weeping, smiling, dreaming passion, made up of fond expectations, exquisite visions, and brilliant hopes, changing shape and colour every moment of its existence, and wreathing itself into a thousand delightful and beautiful appearances, like the sportive mist, curling or sleeping on the mountain side, yet sometimes enveloping the soul in a bondage so complete and cunning, that in losing the power of freedom it loses the will to be free. Not the veriest slave that is buried alive in the dungeons of the inquisition, or the fabled giants of old, who writhed beneath the mountain weight which Jupiter had hurled upon their rebellious forms, could be in more perfect dependance than the victim who loses himself in the endless labyrinth of love. Energetic indeed must be that soul which may not be carried away when the “torrent softness” pours upon it, or which can act what reason dictates, if love’s adamantine chains have encircled it in their dangerous hold.

There were two young fellows, rising up to the expanded sentiments and imaginations of men. Long habit, a combination of ten thousand little adventures, and mutual hopes and fears, and affections; the fact, that both were about to travel on together over the path of life, that spreads its dim and mysterious track before them; and the spreading of each other’s fancies and opinions, and each intertwining with the other, and growing up in strength and beauty, all united in making them friends—not the butterfly companions that fly away and disappear at the first chill blast of winter and storm, but beings who were prepared to dare and to defy all the wants and temptations and miseries of the world; hand in hand to bear up with each other against the coldest anguish that fate might be preparing to pour across their way, and to live and die in each other’s esteem, amid all the revolutions of time, through its prosperity and adversity, through its misery and joy.

I like to be brief, and mean to make my story short and sweet; so skipping over the first dawning of the passion, with its ticklish sensations and opening dreams, I come at once to the point. Henry, the elder by a few months, fell in love. The object came like a beautiful vision through the circle of his sight, and he admired her. She smiled, and

his heart opened beneath the melting sweetness, as the fragrant flower spreads its leaves beneath the winning smile of morning. She spoke that silver-toned music to fascinate the heart, the voice of woman, and Henry bowed down before the magic of the sound.

What a singular thing love is. It is a sort of mental disease—but then a kind of malady so delicious, so full of delightful little pains in the left side of the breast, such a continual succession of pretty agonies—such a bird-like fluttering at the heart, that it is sometimes preferred even to dull and un-poetical health.

As soon as our young friend found himself entrapped he began to change his conduct, only ate a little at breakfast, would take up a newspaper, and fling it down again—always stopped in reading Blackstone if he came to the name of queen Elizabeth, and would delight to read of the statutes passed under her reign. He would fix his eyes upon the ceiling, put his legs on the back of a chair, and sit for hours “wrapped in cogitation deep.” Sometimes melancholy in the sentimental sweetness of his reflections, and then so merry that no situation or company could restrain the exuberance of his momentary joy.

William was a fine youngster, who could “see as far into a millstone as any body else.” when he perceived the alarming situation of his friend, he did give away to a long laugh, whereat Henry was in no ways delighted, but bore it all with good humour and forbearance.

“Who is she?” said William.

“She!” said Henry, “what d’ye mean by *she*? ”

“Why who did you walk with the other day? ”

“That was Elizabeth Percival.”

“Do you love her? ”

“How d’ye mean love? ”

“Why, d’ye *like* her? ”

“Certainly I do.”

“Does she like you? ”

Henry pulled up his shirt collar.

“She does not hate me, I hope.”

“Well,” said William, “then, I tell you what, don’t be down-cast my boy—there is nothing dis-honourable in it—hem—only—remember the old story about *falling in love*.” As much as to say it must be *beneath* a man. “But you shall introduce me—will you? ”

“If I do, I do—but if I do I’ll—”

“Hush!—nonsense—there’s no danger of me—I—you know me too well to think that I would be guilty of such a virtue as falling in love—so come, we will go and see her to-night—will you? ”

“Well, since you desire it, I will—but take care of yourself—you are flesh and blood, Bill—and if you——”

He was answered by a merry laugh, and that evening was agreed upon as the time for the first fatal visit.

Now I like confidence in friends, but I think love-confidence is always *mal apropos*. Love, like the yellow fever, is catching, and it is wrong to venture into the *infected district*—my friend should perform a three years’ *quarantine* before I let him spread sail for the home of my heart.

Henry thought differently—and in remembering the triumph of displaying so much beauty to his friend, he forgot that bright eyes and charming manners—that an elegant mind, breathing its magic in a beautiful face, might enchant others as well as himself.

The night came, and just the night it was “to make even an oyster fall in love”—moonlight and starlight were shed in their path as they started, arm in arm, for the dwelling of the much talked of and admired Miss Percival. The sky was very bright, and the earth was very beautifully still, as if they had conspired together to cheat the young daring philosopher of his heart and happiness. It almost seemed as if no star had ever twinkled so cunningly and prettily before as it did on this evening, and the moon never rode on with such serenity and grace through her chequered path of star, and sky, and cloud. The trees had a lascivious softness in the rustling of their bryanches, and a most provoking but luxuriant fascination seemed to float upon the whispering breeze—the city hall was so snowy white and tranquil in the broad stream of light that fell upon its sculptured marble, and the brown high walls of the Theatre seemed to wrap themselves up in their sombre shadow, as if silently enjoying the beauty of the night. All the buildings of all the surrounding streets, with all their charming variety of light and shade, and shape, and colour, combined to increase the magic of the scene; and the airy imaginings of our heroes rose and throbbed in the spell that seemed to slumber on the earth, and ride on the breeze, and give loveliness to the moonlight, and beauty to the cloud.

“Gad! I wish I was there,” said Harry.

The distance was not great, and they soon were seated in her presence. They had not long conversed when Henry saw, by the sparkle in his friend’s eye that he was not disappointed in the beauty of the lady, and in good truth he thought he had no reason to be.

Elizabeth Percival was enough to set them both together by the ears. Harry had said she was beautiful—she was *more* than beautiful. Now do I begin to tremble for my reputation when I have such an object before me as a lovely girl, and am going to attempt a description. I like to paint a mountain or a river; or the moon; or sun. I don’t care so much about a city, or even a nation. I will take Mount Etna, with all its bellowing thunder and spouting fire, and transplant it in my page, and with a few scratches of my pen, by the aid of letters, I will give you as delightful a battle as ever you saw—all its prodigious fury and tumult, with the shrieks and thunders, and flashes, and blood, shall be mingled up together, as a sweet draught for the dainty palate of some sentimental Miss; and you shall have as pretty a dust kicked up for your amusement as ever man or woman laughed at.

But I always approach a handsome woman with wary caution. They are such dangerous, bewitching, heart-breaking creatures; with all their endless profusion of dark glances and sweet smiles, and musical voices, and rosy lips, that they give as much trouble to the poor wearied out author in the

way of business as they do to all unfortunate fellows who happen to get their hearts singed with their fiery glances, and they create as much confusion and perplexity in the literary as in the physical world.

But my present subject must be treated of as soon as possible, so at it I must go.

In the first place, she was not tall; but then her figure was so graceful and well proportioned, that I would not have had her any taller—besides, the poet remarks, that “brevity is the soul of wit;” and in this instance it seemed also the spirit of beauty. Her forehead was high, open, and turned in one of nature’s happiest efforts. She had a nose partly aquiline and partly Grecian, combining the beauties of both, without the faults of either. Her eyes were large, dark, and expressive. Just let the reader imagine the prettiest pair of eyes he ever saw, and he will hit it exactly. There was always a glow upon her cheek—and such a mouth, so sweet in its smile—so winning in its pensive expression; and such eloquent sentiments often breathed from it in its speech, that when it spoke no sound, it seemed as if the spirit of eloquence and sense lingered round it yet. If I have said too much for those who have not seen her, I have not said enough for those who have—so I will pause in the happy medium, and please all the world.